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3. THE GALLERY OF COLOSSAL EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES in the British Museum. Photographed by R. Fenton. The description by W. S. W. Vaux, M.A., F.S.A.

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REVIEWS.

Some Memorials of Renée of France. (Bosworth & Harrison.)

HISTORY never tires. Whether as a comprehensive summary, where all the parts are diminished and made to fit into one another like a mosaic, or whether in monographs, where single lives are dilated into colossal statues, it is equally the most interesting study we can have, and almost the fullest of instruction. The positive sciences themselves have nothing greater to teach us than has history: for if those reveal the glorious things of nature, this enables us to define the laws which govern the moral world and influence the progress and the conduct of man. Wherefore, we are thankful to each person who contributes his mite or his shekel to our historical wealth, for by these contributions are we best able to judge of human life, and to elucidate the unspoken law of the great providence of history. The chief danger of historical writers lies in partisanship. So very few are content to tell their story simply, or rather to let their story tell itself. They must be either advocates or accusers; they must carry into the past the passions of the present, and make their judgments anachronisms by not keeping them strictly to the spirit of the bygone times. This is not true history; it is party politics in masquerade.

Our present author—or should we not say authoress?—keeps clear of all political partisanship, properly so called, but she has strong religious convictions, which make themselves tolerably apparent. She is intensely Protestant, and anything short of John Calvin and his school meets with neither sympathy nor mercy at her hands. Even Vittoria Colonna, that gracious, crystalline, noble woman, is spoken of as remaining "to point a moral" in church history, because she died within the pale of the Church of Rome after her early bias towards the Neapolitan Reformers; and Bernardo Ochino, the Capuchin monk, who preached Calvinism under the cowl, and finally passed into a different school of thought, is said "to have passed into the light, only to pass out of it into the darkness of Socinianism on the other side." Yet we owe very much of our present intellectual freedom to men who, like Ochino, when they rejected one pope, refused to take another, and declined to transfer to Calvin the mental allegiance which they had owed to Paul. There were few men of this stamp in the early times of the Reformation. For the most part it was but a transfer of names, and the continuance of office; the Romish confessor was dismissed, and the Lutheran pastor taken in his stead; the pope's infallibility set aside, and Calvin's exalted to the apostolic place. It was eminently thus with Renée, who was a tender-hearted, loving, conscientious, but timid and yielding woman, and who found herself utterly unable to walk without the mental supports, the spiritual irons, to which she had been accustomed. Calvin was her confessor, director, pope, apostle,—all that her former Romish directors had been; and she leaned on him for guidance and support as trustingly as, in years gone by, she had leaned on others now cast off. If, then, Ochino adopted opinions which the Church holds to be unsound, we ought still to be thankful for the example

of mental independence and spiritual manhood taught thereby.

Few characters are more individual than that of Renée of France. The small, pale, deformed woman, with her ardent soul and her constitutional timidity—earnest for the right, yet temporising whenever the struggle was at hand; womanlike, borne down by her husband, and always to be overcome through her love for her children; bold only in secret daring, and quailing before open violence; quick in expedient, yet guileless in soul; secret, but truthful; underhand in her dealings, but no plotter—she stands out distinctly from the confused mass of historical masks which flit to and fro in the dark background of time. An entirely loveable woman was she; full of noble aspirations and of a genuine, if timid, nature; timid, not weak; but conscious of personal defects, and under the fatal depression which that consciousness always entails more or less entirely on women. Had she possessed the beauty of Marguerite de Valois, or of her step-mother, Lucrezia Borgia, we should have found her actions of a widely different stamp. As it was, her whole life bore the impress of her personal unloveliness; and the shy shrinking and want of self-reliance, notorious in her youth, was but the consequence thereon. Yet she had good friends and loving hearts about her. Madame de Soubise, her *gouvernante* by office and her mother by love; John Calvin, her spiritual father; Clement Marôt, with his wild wit and undisciplined nature, as her panegyrist, and even her defender and advocate; Madame de Pons, the accomplished and noble-hearted daughter of Madame de Soubise; the learned Celio Calcagnini; the Greek scholar Gregorio Giraldi; and Manardi, the first physician of the day; Olympia Morata, the young "tenth muse;" Vittoria Colonna, the female Petrarch; and others of less historical note but of no less moral worth; all surrounded her with their loving homage and loyal adhesion, and did their best to make the rough parts of her life smooth and easy to her. And indeed, had she not adopted the new Reformers and their opinions, her life might have passed pleasantly enough. Duke Ercole seems to have loved her moderately well for those lax times. If she had no beauty to charm his eye, her talents, her intellect, and her goodness might have won his heart; for he was no mere soldier as so many were, but had, in spite of all his weakness and fatal Sybaritism, power to appreciate what haply he could not imitate. His character is not inaptly summarised by our anonymous author:

"The first acts of Ercole, after his accession, were those of mercy and charity towards his subjects; next, directing his thoughts to the duties of government, he gave his assent to a plan which had been proposed during Alfonso's life-time for the reform of the statutes of the city of Ferrara. On succeeding to the duchy, Ercole was in his twenty-seventh year, having been born on the 14th April, 1508. Muratori describes him as 'a prince of a fine presence, above the ordinary stature, of grave speech, yet withal pleasant, splendid, magnanimous, clement.' He was pious, too, after the most approved fashion of his religion; for besides founding churches, he aided in the formation of conventional establishments, and introduced foreign religious fraternities into Ferrara. He seems to have had a paternal feeling for his subjects, and he was, in contradistinction to his father, emphatically a man of peace. But his love of splendour soon degenerated into effeminate luxury; his desire for peace induced a policy of unworthy compliances; if he spent but little upon the

operations of war, he squandered much treasure upon the pageants of a day; whilst his piety soon assumed the form of a persecuting bigotry that spared in its exercise neither his subjects nor the partner of his ducal state.

"Between his duchess and himself, there lay, however, the common ground of their mutual love of art, science, and letters. Such studies were cherished by Ercole, and 'he wrote with elegance both in prose and verse.' He formed an admirable collection of medals, and was regarded as the founder of the celebrated museum of Ferrara. He introduced the art of weaving after the Flemish manner into his capital city; rebuilt and enlarged the superb Belriguardo Palace, besides erecting two new ones at Coparo and Montegna. He also made considerable additions to Modena, which city he fortified."

Had Renée's orthodoxy been as unquestioned as her intellect, there is no doubt then but that her influence over her husband would have been entire. Influence over others is the gift of moral worth when united with intelligence; and few are so weak or so wicked as to disallow the power. But when his wife's leanings became so notorious that foreign potentates interfered with their advice—not too friendly towards Renée—then Duke Ercole's love, whatever that might have been, lost root and ground, and he began the system of personal oppression which only ended when her recantation destroyed his pretext. He first dismissed Madame de Soubise and her daughter, Madame de Pons; Clement Marôt shared the same fate; though Calvin still lingered at the court under the name of Charles D'Espeville, and well guarded from the duke's recognition:

"But Italy was not a safe place for so renowned a 'heretic;' and the officials of the Inquisition soon traced him to his place of concealment. We are told that they even succeeded in arresting him, before he could effect his escape from Ferrara, but that whilst conducting him as a prisoner to Bologna, they were overtaken by a troop of armed men, secretly despatched (it was believed) by the Duchess Renée, who liberated the captive and set him forward in safety on his homeward way. As to his royal patroness, it is averred by some that she contrived to conceal her sympathy with the Reformed for some time longer. Other writers, however, of greater credibility, maintain that she suffered a sharp rebuke from her husband for complicity with those of the proscribed doctrine; and that she was compelled by him to resume the external practices of that religion which she had in her heart forsaken. It may have been so—but, with Calvin's visit to Ferrara, the Duchess Renée was lost to the Church of Rome for ever. She temporised—but she fell not finally away from the truth which she then received."

Then, as still further evidences of her sympathy with the Reformers were given—as Bruciolli dedicated his Italian Bible to her, "the most illustrious Lady Renée of France, Duchess of Ferrara;" as Olympia Morata, the friend, companion, and fellow student of the Princess Anna, became openly "tainted," yet was sheltered, loved, and caressed; as she was suspected of complicity in the Fieschi conspiracy, "*per impulso di sangue*" working secretly in the cause; and when the death of Francis I. left her without any protector against her husband—for wives generally needed stronger protection than even maidens in those days—Duke Ercole took the law into his own hands, and wrought by violence for the conversion which did not seem likely to come by grace. The Jesuits were established in Ferrara, and the duchess marked out as a probable "subject" for Jajo: "but the order was odious to Renée, and

she never admitted Jajo to her presence, though he abode at Ferrara for two years. She probably divined the purpose of his mission, and resolved to disappoint it." Then the persecution began, and "the hour was nigh when Renée must make her choice, declare her faith or deny it." Acting under the advice of her nephew, Henry II. of France, Ercole, first dismissing every one of the court ever so distantly suspected of heresy, gave her up to the holy exercises of the Doctor Oriz, one of the pope's penitentiaries; the duchess being then in seclusion at the palace of Consandolo. But Renée was firm:

"The efforts of Oriz were fruitless. The inquisitor persuaded, argued, preached, threatened in vain. Nay, we are told, that the duchess 'endured with obstinacy the execution of all those menaces.' In her retirement, whether it were compulsory or self-chosen, she prosecuted her correspondence with Geneva; and even scrupled not to eat meat on Wednesdays, in direct contravention of the laws of the so-called Catholic Church. These were unpardonable offences. Popery could not tolerate her friendship with the Genevese reformer, nor her disobedience of its commandment 'to abstain from meats.' But Renée's contumacy was still further aggravated by her attempts to proselytise (as may be inferred from the phrase employed by Frizzi—'farsi degli alunni') in the neighbouring Terra di Argenta. Here was a perversion of the wholesome discipline of the solitude of Consandolo! All exhortations, severities, 'representations,' instructions, had been evidently thrown away on this incorrigible heretic, when even in her place of banishment she could not be restrained from the endeavour to disseminate her principles. The matter of the 'alumni' made the full cup of the duke's indignation to overflow. He had laboured in vain for her conversion. His confessor Pelletario was compelled to acknowledge that he found her 'obstinately fixed in her doctrinal opinions.' Oriz, from whose persuasion so much had been hoped, might as well have remained in Paris,—so useless had been his eloquence. These were bitter subjects of reflection to Ercole. He determined to strike a decisive blow. It is true that his powers were limited. Even the mysterious termination of the 'Instruction' to Oriz could not have been interpreted to mean the infliction of the last penalties of Romish cruelty on the unfortunate duchess. Such means as had been freely resorted to in many an Italian dungeon in the case of ignominious heretics could not be tried in hers. But solitary imprisonment—that most appalling of all punishments—the removal of her children, the inhibition of 'heretical books,' whereby she had been wont to nourish her proscribed opinions, these measures might be adopted with some hope of success. The duke hesitated no longer. On the night of the 7th September (that thereby he might strike the greater terror into the soul of Renée), he caused her to be conveyed from the Palace di S. Francesco in a carriage, under the escort of the Bishop Rossetti, and the Cavaliere Bonifazio Ruggieri da Reggio, his counsellor, to the gloomy Castle of Ferrara. There, strictly confined in the Cavallo chambers,—those looking down on the equestrian statue of Niccolò III.,—with only two attendants, and hindered from holding communication with any one except her 'maestra di casa,' she had time to meditate on her situation, and to anticipate still worse results. The two princesses were taken to the Convent di Corpo Cristo, where they were admitted as pupils, to be carefully educated in what was termed the Catholic faith."

The right chord was touched now. What the woman could dare the mother shrank from. Renée made her confession, demanded absolution, took the sacrament, abstained from meat on fast days, and, as a reward, was allowed to sup with her husband on the night of the very day whereon she signed her recantation:

"That same night they supped together in token of their renewed amity, and the next day (Sept. 24th) the children, of whose presence she had been so harshly deprived, were again consigned to her maternal care. To leave no doubt of the reality of her so-called conversion, she demanded to partake again, on the 1st of November, of the Sacrament of the Mass, and the duke, being entirely persuaded of the sincerity of her repentance, permitted her to return to the Palace of St. Francesco on the 1st of December following."

Renée's recantation created an immense and painful impression among the Reformers. Calvin wrote of it to his coadjutor William Farrel thus: "There is sad intelligence, and more certain than I could wish that it were, of the Duchess of Ferrara, that overcome by threats and reproaches, she has fallen. What shall I say, except that instances of fortitude in nobles are rare?" "And Olympia Morata thus comments on the duchess's 'act of weakness,' in a letter to Paolo Vergerio, Bishop of Capo d'Istria, dated 'Heidelberg, 1555. I am afflicted but not astonished at the fall of this princess, whom I knew in other times. I am more surprised at the sad defection of several others. My mother stands firm in the midst of the storm. Glory be to God, to whom all praise is due." But Renée only fell away for a time. "The mask soon became an instrument of torture," and Calvin, while dealing tenderly with her weakness, did not fail to speak warmly against her duplicity, and the fear of persecution. In the midst of all this strange uncertain inner life of hers, her persecutor, Henry II., was struck down by Montmorency's lance, and in three months after Duke Ercole died too, leaving the duchess "the occupant of the palace of Belriguardo, and of half the lands appertaining thereto, for so long as she shall live a good Catholic." Renée had no idea of living a good Catholic; and, not long after her husband's death, the curb being then wanting, openly declared her Protestantism, and so was forced to leave Ferrara, her son Alfonso not daring to dispute the will of Pio Quarto, when he complained to him of the "scandals which the heresy of the mother of the reigning Duke of Ferrara" was bringing upon Holy Mother Church and the House of Este combined. From Ferrara Renée returned to France, where she found her opinions in no better odour than they had been in Italy:

"It would seem that Renée's return to France had happened at an inauspicious moment for herself—just as her unworthy son-in-law, Francis of Guise, was projecting the entire subversion of the Reformation. To be forced to leave Ferrara for religion's sake, and then to find, on her arrival in her own country, the cause with which she was now and from henceforth to be identified so cruelly menaced, might have appalled one whose constancy was less matured; but it did not alarm Renée. On the contrary, she did not disguise her feelings; 'deploring the present state of things,' she 'sharply reproached her son-in-law, and declaring that if she had arrived before Condé was imprisoned, she would have hindered it, warned Guise to desist in future from offering violence to princes of the royal stock, for that such wounds would bleed long, and that it never ended well with any one who had been first in the assault upon chiefs of royal blood.'"

The first things she heard of on her arrival were the persecution of the Huguenots and the terrible butchery of Castelnau and his companions; which butcheries or executions were reserved, contrary to custom, until after dinner, to

amuse the ladies who were weary of Amboise; "and what is worse, the king and his young brothers appeared at these spectacles, and the sufferers were pointed out to them by the cardinal, with the signs of a man who rejoiced greatly to animate the prince against his own subjects; for when they died with the greatest constancy, he would say, 'Behold, sire, these audacious infuriates! The fear of death cannot abate their pride and malice: what would they then do if they had you in their hands?'"

Uneasy at court, Renée then withdrew to her dower lands of Montargis, where her life passed away in almsgiving, pious exercises, and the shielding of such "malignants" as fled to her for shelter:

"Montargis became a place of refuge for the Huguenots from several parts of the kingdom, as from Paris, Melun, Nemours, Louis, Sens, Blois, Tours; nay, even of several of the Roman religion flying from the tumults of the war, of which this good duchess received several terrible assaults after that the prince, seeing the camp of his enemies approaching Orleans, had sent to recall all his men."

Through all the storms that followed, the dowager duchess held her ground firmly, resisting violence and insinuation alike, and no longer failing the great principles which she had adopted. She lived to see the massacre of Saint Bartholomew; and it was not until three years after that she died, at sixty-five, worn out with mental trouble and grieving for the sorrows yet to come. "May many daughters of France yet rise to emulate her faith, patience, and charity!"

It would be ungracious to say a harsh word of this well-conceived monograph. The writer's modesty and good faith alone should preserve her from ungente attacks, had she not even achieved a very pleasant, if not brilliant, success. She has been earnest, conscientious, and industrious; and she has gone to the best sources, and spared no trouble to verify her statements and make her work complete. One only omission we would notice—her strange ignorance of Mr. Trollope's late work, "A Decade of Italian Women," which, though it might not have much aided her own steps, ought to have caused her to obliterate a foot-note respecting Olympia Morata, where she speaks of Jules Bonnet's "Vie d'Olympia Morata" as the best memoir "accessible to the English student of all that have been written of her." The charming "Decade" should not have been passed over in such neglect, had its existence been known. This is the only flaw which we feel disposed to find in a work where even the faults have a good and noble meaning,—where the whole tendency is pure and high-minded, and where the writer has shown undeniable patience, fine principle, modesty, and keen sensibility.

The Life and Times of Samuel Crompton, Inventor of the Spinning Machine called the Mule. By Gilbert J. French. (London: Simpkin & Marshall. Manchester: Dinham & Co. Bolton: J. Cunliff and Co.)

WHEN a gentleman sets to work to prepare a lecture to be read before a Mechanics' Institute, or any meeting of a similar nature, it is natural enough that he should introduce certain statements and allusions with reference to local subjects which are likely to possess an interest for his peculiar audience, though it is probable that they would be received with comparative indifference by the public at large. But when, as sometimes

occurs, the gentleman yields a reluctant assent to the repeated solicitations of his friends, and publishes the valuable lecture which was listened to with so much pleasure, we might perhaps expect that he would omit those points which were originally introduced for the sake of the local rather than of the general public: or, at least, that he would be content to leave them as they are, and not make this occasion an opportunity for adding very considerably to their number. Human expectation, however, is proverbially fallible: and Mr. French, in giving to the world at large the substance of two lectures delivered by him before the Bolton Mechanics' Institute, on the Life and Times of Samuel Crompton, has disappointed it signally in both the particulars to which we have referred. It is surely rather an odd mode of introducing his book to the general public, to accompany it by a preface which dwells almost exclusively upon the difficulties which he, as President of the Institute, experienced in providing a series of lectures for the last winter-session, and which gives a detailed list of those discourses which were actually delivered, from the Vicar of Bolton's "Personal Recollections of the Island of Ceylon," to Robert Haywood, Esq., J.P.'s "Notes of his recent Visit to St. Petersburg and Moscow." What interest can the world at large be supposed to take in the facts, that the aforesaid Institute offers the use of five thousand volumes to be read at the homes of its members, together with other advantages, or the small charge of half-a-crown a quarter? that "the accomplished author" of the "Ancient Baronial Halls of England" (Mr. C. Hall) liberally presented a copy of that work, with proof impressions of the prints, to the Bolton Free Public Library? Since, as has Mr. French been able to ascertain, Samuel Crompton did not attend the Bolton Grammar School, what earthly necessity is there for dilating on the excellence of this institution, or for informing us that the learned Dr. Lemprière was for several years his preceptor? and why add to this the still more gratuitous information that "Ainsworth, the grammarian, to whom every English scholar owes a debt of gratitude, was himself educated and afterwards taught a school in Bolton"? One must surely be a native, or at least an inhabitant, of Bolton, to appreciate at its full value the "remarkable and very pleasing contrast" exhibited by the facts that in 1795 not more than one ox was killed weekly in Bolton, while the number of fat oxen now killed there averages eighty, and sometimes reaches one hundred a week: but in order thoroughly to enjoy the statement, conveyed in a foot-note, that the latter estimate is founded on "information supplied by Mr. Marshall, of the New Market Hall," it is, we fear, absolutely necessary that the reader should be either Mr. Marshall himself, or at the least a member of that gentleman's family.

The story of Samuel Crompton, however, when disentangled from the extraneous matter with which Mr. French has associated it, is of no little interest even to the general reader. The family from which he sprang appears to be one of considerable antiquity, though, at the time of his birth, somewhat reduced in worldly circumstances. He was born on December 3rd, 1753, at Firwood, in the township of Tonge, near Bolton, where his parents occupied a farm, and, as the custom then was, employed their leisure time in carding, spinning, and weaving. His father died when Samuel was five years

old. Shortly before that event, the family had removed to a portion of an old mansion in the same township, called Hall-in-the-Wood, where Samuel lived with his mother for many years, and where he conceived and carried out the invention which has immortalised his name. In order to convey a precise idea of the service rendered by this remarkable discovery, it is necessary to state very briefly the previous condition of the cotton-spinning trade. Until 1738, all the cotton-yarn used in this or any other country was spun in single threads by the hand: a method which, in the then rude state of the loom, was found to furnish as much raw material as the weaver could readily dispose of. The invention of the fly shuttle in that year, by Kay of Bury, by enabling the weaver to make nearly twice as much cloth as he could before, disturbed the equilibrium between supply and demand; and efforts were accordingly made to devise improved methods of spinning, by which the increased demand for yarn might be satisfactorily met. The first of these was made by Lewis Paul, who, in the same year, took out a patent for a method of spinning wool and cotton by rollers. This invention, though containing the germ of all future improvements, and though supported, as Mr. French expressly tells us, by the inventor of James's fever powder (of all men in the world), was soon abandoned. It was not till after a lapse of nearly thirty years, in 1767, that the same idea was taken up by a mechanic named Higgs, who, assisted by one Kay, a clock-maker, experimented on the roller process to some extent. The celebrated Richard Arkwright, then a barber in Bolton, hearing of these experiments, directed towards their prosecution all that indomitable energy and perseverance to which his success in life was owing, and finally succeeded in establishing the system of spinning by rollers. It was in the same year that James Hargreaves, a weaver near Blackburn, invented the spinning-jenny, by means of which he was enabled to spin sixteen threads at a time. Neither of these machines, however, succeeded in producing yarns of sufficient fineness to be employed in the weaving of delicate muslins, for which at that time there was great demand: and it was to this point that Crompton especially directed his attention. It was in 1774 that he began the construction of his improved machine, and it took him five years to bring it to completion. This machine, which from its combining the leading features of Arkwright's and Hargreaves' instruments, is commonly called the *Mule*, is further distinguished by a feature peculiar to itself, the introduction of which is characterised by competent authorities as the corner-stone of the invention—viz., the spindle-carriage, the effect of which was to prevent the thread from being subjected to any strain until it was completed. Some idea of the efficiency of the machine may be formed from the fact that, whereas, previous to its invention, it was supposed to be impossible to spin yarn as fine as eighty hanks to the pound, there were in the Great Exhibition of 1851 specimens of yarn spun by its agency of the extraordinary fineness of seven hundred hanks to the pound.

The problem being thus triumphantly solved, it might be supposed that the reward would not be slow in following, and that, at the time of his marriage in 1780, Crompton was fairly started on the road to worldly wealth and advancement. The very reverse of these suppositions proved to be the fact.

The expense of taking out a patent was in these days so enormous as to place this method of protecting his interests quite beyond his reach; and, as the superiority of the yarn which he brought into the market was a conclusive proof that he must be possessed of some secret improvement in the art of spinning, he found his residence constantly beset by prying eyes, the vigilance of which he was not always able to evade. It is related, and probably with truth, that Arkwright found means of paying a surreptitious visit to the machine. At length, wearied out by this protracted persecution, Crompton gave up the contest, and surrendered his invention to the public on the strength of a written agreement in which many of the most wealthy manufacturing firms in the neighbourhood bound themselves to pay to him the sums respectively attached to their names. The list of subscribers appended to this agreement is one of the most remarkable and suggestive documents with which we are acquainted. It contains, as we have said, the names of most of the wealthiest and most influential firms in the neighbourhood, who were purchasing, at what we may presume they considered an equitable rate, an invention, the importance of which must, even then, have been abundantly apparent; and it contains fifty-five subscribers of one guinea each, twenty-seven of half a guinea, one of seven and sixpence, and one of five and sixpence, making a grand total of 72l. 11s. 6d. (not 67l. 6s. 6d. as Mr. French calculates). Nor was the whole of this lordly sum ever realised: not a shilling was paid in advance, and some of the subscribers, when subsequently applied to for the money, refused payment; and the sum actually received by Crompton was just sufficient to build him a new machine containing four spindles more than that which he had given up. Thus far the *Mule* had certainly brought in little enough to its inventor. But this was not all. Crompton had yet to learn that he was the only man in England who was not to have the chance of making a respectable living by the free competitive use of his own machine. He found himself unable to enlarge his operations, owing to the impossibility of retaining workmen in his employ; for, no sooner had they acquired some little experience of the trade, than they were invariably seduced from his service by the higher offers of his more wealthy competitors; it being supposed that, if he taught them, they must know their business well. The result of this was, to quote his own words, that he found he "must be always teaching green hands, employ none, or quit the country:" a dilemma which reduced itself to the alternative of giving up spinning, or leaving his native land. He adopted the former course, gave up his mules, and returned to his original occupation of weaving, spinning only as much yarn as he could employ in his own looms as a small manufacturer.

The remainder of Crompton's story consists almost entirely of a record of the attempts which were subsequently made to secure to him some adequate reward for the almost incalculable services which his invention had rendered to the commercial welfare of his country. In 1800 some gentlemen of Manchester endeavoured to organise a subscription for this purpose on an extensive scale; but the scheme, which began with the most hopeful prospects, was interrupted by the breaking out of the war, and its natural effects upon trade, and the utmost

she never admitted Jajo to her presence, though he abode at Ferrara for two years. She probably divined the purpose of his mission, and resolved to disappoint it." Then the persecution began, and "the hour was nigh when Renée must make her choice, declare her faith or deny it." Acting under the advice of her nephew, Henry II. of France, Ercole, first dismissing every one of the court ever so distantly suspected of heresy, gave her up to the holy exercises of the Doctor Oriz, one of the pope's penitentiaries; the duchess being then in seclusion at the palace of Consandolo. But Renée was firm:

"The efforts of Oriz were fruitless. The inquisitor persuaded, argued, preached, threatened in vain. Nay, we are told, that the duchess 'endured with obstinacy the execution of all those menaces.' In her retirement, whether it were compulsory or self-chosen, she prosecuted her correspondence with Geneva; and even scrupled not to eat meat on Wednesdays, in direct contravention of the laws of the so-called Catholic Church. These were unpardonable offences. Popery could not tolerate her friendship with the Genevese reformer, nor her disobedience of its commandment 'to abstain from meats.' But Renée's contumacy was still further aggravated by her attempts to proselytise (as may be inferred from the phrase employed by Frizzi—'farsi degli alunni') in the neighbouring Terra di Argenta. Here was a perversion of the wholesome discipline of the solitude of Consandolo! All exhortations, severities, 'representations,' instructions, had been evidently thrown away on this incorrigible heretic, when even in her place of banishment she could not be restrained from the endeavour to disseminate her principles. The matter of the 'alumni' made the full cup of the duke's indignation to overflow. He had laboured in vain for her conversion. His confessor Pelletario was compelled to acknowledge that he found her 'obstinately fixed in her doctrinal opinions.' Oriz, from whose persuasion so much had been hoped, might as well have remained in Paris,—so useless had been his eloquence. These were bitter subjects of reflection to Ercole. He determined to strike a decisive blow. It is true that his powers were limited. Even the mysterious termination of the 'Instruction' to Oriz could not have been interpreted to mean the infliction of the last penalties of Romish cruelty on the unfortunate duchess. Such means as had been freely resorted to in many an Italian dungeon in the case of ignominious heretics could not be tried in hers. But solitary imprisonment—that most appalling of all punishments—the removal of her children, the inhibition of 'heretical books,' whereby she had been wont to nourish her proscribed opinions, these measures might be adopted with some hope of success. The duke hesitated no longer. On the night of the 7th September (that thereby he might strike the greater terror into the soul of Renée), he caused her to be conveyed from the Palace di S. Francesco in a carriage, under the escort of the Bishop Rossetti, and the Cavaliere Bonifazio Ruggieri da Reggio, his counsellor, to the gloomy Castle of Ferrara. There, strictly confined in the Cavallo chambers,—those looking down on the equestrian statue of Niccolò III.,—with only two attendants, and hindered from holding communication with any one except her 'maestra di casa,' she had time to meditate on her situation, and to anticipate still worse results. The two princesses were taken to the Convent di Corpo Cristo, where they were admitted as pupils, to be carefully educated in what was termed the Catholic faith."

The right chord was touched now. What the woman could dare the mother shrank from. Renée made her confession, demanded absolution, took the sacrament, abstained from meat on fast days, and, as a reward, was allowed to sup with her husband on the night of the very day whereon she signed her recantation:

"That same night they supped together in token of their renewed amity, and the next day (Sept. 24th) the children, of whose presence she had been so harshly deprived, were again consigned to her maternal care. To leave no doubt of the reality of her so-called conversion, she demanded to partake again, on the 1st of November, of the Sacrament of the Mass, and the duke, being entirely persuaded of the sincerity of her repentance, permitted her to return to the Palace of St. Francesco on the 1st of December following."

Renée's recantation created an immense and painful impression among the Reformers. Calvin wrote of it to his condjutor William Farrel thus: "There is sad intelligence, and more certain than I could wish that it were, of the Duchess of Ferrara, that overcome by threats and reproaches, she has fallen. What shall I say, except that instances of fortitude in nobles are rare?" "And Olympia Morata thus comments on the duchess's 'act of weakness,' in a letter to Paolo Vergerio, Bishop of Capo d'Istria, dated 'Heidelberg, 1555. I am afflicted but not astonished at the fall of this princess, whom I knew in other times. I am more surprised at the sad defection of several others. My mother stands firm in the midst of the storm. Glory be to God, to whom all praise is due.'" But Renée only fell away for a time. "The mask soon became an instrument of torture;" and Calvin, while dealing tenderly with her weakness, did not fail to speak warmly against her duplicity, and the fear of persecution. In the midst of all this strange uncertain inner life of hers, her persecutor, Henry II., was struck down by Montmorency's lance, and in three months after Duke Ercole died too, leaving the duchess "the occupant of the palace of Belriguardo, and of half the lands appertaining thereunto, for so long as she shall live a good Catholic." Renée had no idea of living a good Catholic; and, not long after her husband's death, the curb being then wanting, openly declared her Protestantism, and so was forced to leave Ferrara, her son Alfonso not daring to dispute the will of Pio Quarto, when he complained to him of the "scandals which the heresy of the mother of the reigning Duke of Ferrara" was bringing upon Holy Mother Church and the House of Este combined. From Ferrara Renée returned to France, where she found her opinions in no better odour than they had been in Italy:

"It would seem that Renée's return to France had happened at an inauspicious moment for herself—just as her unworthy son-in-law, Francis of Guise, was projecting the entire subversion of the Reformation. To be forced to leave Ferrara for religion's sake, and then to find, on her arrival in her own country, the cause with which she was now and from henceforth to be identified so cruelly menaced, might have appalled one whose constancy was less matured; but it did not alarm Renée. On the contrary, she did not disguise her feelings; 'deploring the present state of things,' she 'sharply reproached her son-in-law, and declaring that if she had arrived before Condé was imprisoned, she would have hindered it, warned Guise to desist in future from offering violence to princes of the royal stock, for that such wounds would bleed long, and that it never ended well with any one who had been first in the assault upon chiefs of royal blood.'"

The first things she heard of on her arrival were the persecution of the Huguenots and the terrible butchery of Castelnau and his companions; which butcheries or executions were reserved, contrary to custom, until after dinner, to

amuse the ladies who were weary of Amboise; "and what is worse, the king and his young brothers appeared at these spectacles, and the sufferers were pointed out to them by the cardinal, with the signs of a man who rejoiced greatly to animate the prince against his own subjects; for when they died with the greatest constancy, he would say, 'Behold, sire, these audacious infuriates! The fear of death cannot abate their pride and malice: what would they then do if they had you in their hands?'"

Uneasy at court, Renée then withdrew to her dower lands of Montargis, where her life passed away in almsgiving, pious exercises, and the shielding of such "malignants" as fled to her for shelter:

"Montargis became a place of refuge for the Huguenots from several parts of the kingdom, as from Paris, Melun, Nemours, Louis, Sens, Blois, Tours; nay, even of several of the Roman religion flying from the tumults of the war, of which this good duchess received several terrible assaults after that the prince, seeing the camp of his enemies approaching Orleans, had sent to recall all his men."

Through all the storms that followed, the dowager duchess held her ground firmly, resisting violence and insinuation alike, and no longer failing the great principles which she had adopted. She lived to see the massacre of Saint Bartholomew; and it was not until three years after that she died, at sixty-five, worn out with mental trouble and grieving for the sorrows yet to come. "May many daughters of France yet rise to emulate her faith, patience, and charity!"

It would be ungracious to say a harsh word of this well-conceived monograph. The writer's modesty and good faith alone should preserve her from ungentle attacks, had she not even achieved a very pleasant, if not brilliant, success. She has been earnest, conscientious, and industrious; and she has gone to the best sources, and spared no trouble to verify her statements and make her work complete. One only omission we would notice—her strange ignorance of Mr. Trollope's late work, "A Decade of Italian Women," which, though it might not have much aided her own steps, ought to have caused her to obliterate a foot-note respecting Olympia Morata, where she speaks of Jules Bonnet's "Vie d'Olympia Morata" as the best memoir "accessible to the English student of all that have been written of her." The charming "Decade" should not have been passed over in such neglect, had its existence been known. This is the only flaw which we feel disposed to find in a work where even the faults have a good and noble meaning,—where the whole tendency is pure and high-minded, and where the writer has shown undeniable patience, fine principle, modesty, and keen sensibility.

The Life and Times of Samuel Crompton, Inventor of the Spinning Machine called the Mule. By Gilbert J. French. (London: Simpkin & Marshall. Manchester: Dinham & Co. Bolton: J. Cunliff and Co.)

WHEN a gentleman sets to work to prepare a lecture to be read before a Mechanics Institute, or any meeting of a similar nature, it is natural enough that he should introduce certain statements and allusions with reference to local subjects which are likely to possess an interest for his peculiar audience, though it is probable that they would be received with comparative indifference by the public at large. But when, as sometimes

occurs, the gentleman yields a reluctant assent to the repeated solicitations of his friends, and publishes the valuable lecture which was listened to with so much pleasure, we might perhaps expect that he would omit those points which were originally introduced for the sake of the local rather than of the general public: or, at least, that he would be content to leave them as they are, and not make this occasion an opportunity for adding very considerably to their number. Human expectation, however, is proverbially fallible: and Mr. French, in giving to the world at large the substance of two lectures delivered by him before the Bolton Mechanics' Institute, on the Life and Times of Samuel Crompton, has disappointed it signally in both the particulars to which we have referred. It is surely rather an odd mode of introducing his book to the general public, to accompany it by a preface which dwells almost exclusively upon the difficulties which he, as President of the Institute, experienced in providing a series of lectures for the last winter-session, and which gives a detailed list of those discourses which were actually delivered, from the Vicar of Bolton's "Personal Recollections of the Island of Ceylon," to Robert Haywood, Esq., J.P.'s "Notes of his recent Visit to St. Petersburg and Moscow." What interest can the world at large be supposed to take in the facts, that the aforesaid Institute offers the use of five thousand volumes to be read at the homes of its members, together with other advantages, or the small charge of half-a-crown a quarter? or that "the accomplished author" of the "Ancient Baronial Halls of England" (Mr. C. Hall) liberally presented a copy of that work, with proof impressions of the prints, to the Bolton Free Public Library? Since, as has Mr. French been able to ascertain, Samuel Crompton did not attend the Bolton Grammar School, what earthly necessity is there for dilating on the excellence of this institution, or for informing us that the learned Dr. Lemprière was for several years his paper master? and why add to this the still more gratuitous information that "Ainsworth, the grammarian, to whom every English scholar owes a debt of gratitude, was himself educated and afterwards taught a school in Bolton"? One must surely be a native, or at least an inhabitant, of Bolton, to appreciate at its full value the "remarkable and very pleasing contrast" exhibited by the facts that in 1795 not more than one cow used to be killed weekly in Bolton, while the number of fat oxen now killed there averages eighty, and sometimes reaches one hundred, a week: but in order thoroughly to enjoy the statement, conveyed in a foot-note, that the latter estimate is founded on "information supplied by Mr. Marshall, of the New Market Hall," it is, we fear, absolutely necessary that the reader should be either Mr. Marshall himself, or at the least a member of that gentleman's family.

The story of Samuel Crompton, however, when disentangled from the extraneous matter with which Mr. French has associated it, is of no little interest even to the general reader. The family from which he sprang appears to be one of considerable antiquity, though, at the time of his birth, somewhat reduced in worldly circumstances. He was born on December 3rd, 1753, at Firwood, in the township of Tonge, near Bolton, where his parents occupied a farm, and, as the custom then was, employed their leisure time in carding, spinning, and weaving. His father died when Samuel was five years

old. Shortly before that event, the family had removed to a portion of an old mansion in the same township, called Hall-in-the-Wood, where Samuel lived with his mother for many years, and where he conceived and carried out the invention which has immortalised his name. In order to convey a precise idea of the service rendered by this remarkable discovery, it is necessary to state very briefly the previous condition of the cotton-spinning trade. Until 1738, all the cotton-yarn used in this or any other country was spun in single threads by the hand: a method which, in the then rude state of the loom, was found to furnish as much raw material as the weaver could readily dispose of. The invention of the fly shuttle in that year, by Kay of Bury, by enabling the weaver to make nearly twice as much cloth as he could before, disturbed the equilibrium between supply and demand; and efforts were accordingly made to devise improved methods of spinning, by which the increased demand for yarn might be satisfactorily met. The first of these was made by Lewis Paul, who, in the same year, took out a patent for a method of spinning wool and cotton by rollers. This invention, though containing the germ of all future improvements, and though supported, as Mr. French expressly tells us, by the inventor of James's fever powder (of all men in the world), was soon abandoned. It was not till after a lapse of nearly thirty years, in 1767, that the same idea was taken up by a mechanic named Highs, who, assisted by one Kay, a clock-maker, experimented on the roller process to some extent. The celebrated Richard Arkwright, then a barber in Bolton, hearing of these experiments, directed towards their prosecution all that indomitable energy and perseverance to which his success in life was owing, and finally succeeded in establishing the system of spinning by rollers. It was in the same year that James Hargreaves, a weaver near Blackburn, invented the spinning-jenny, by means of which he was enabled to spin sixteen threads at a time. Neither of these machines, however, succeeded in producing yarns of sufficient fineness to be employed in the weaving of delicate muslins, for which at that time there was great demand: and it was to this point that Crompton especially directed his attention. It was in 1774 that he began the construction of his improved machine, and it took him five years to bring it to completion. This machine, which from its combining the leading features of Arkwright's and Hargreaves' instruments, is commonly called the *Mule*, is further distinguished by a feature peculiar to itself, the introduction of which is characterised by competent authorities as the corner-stone of the invention—viz., the spindle-carriage, the effect of which was to prevent the thread from being subjected to any strain until it was completed. Some idea of the efficiency of the machine may be formed from the fact that, whereas, previous to its invention, it was supposed to be impossible to spin yarn as fine as eighty hanks to the pound, there were in the Great Exhibition of 1851 specimens of yarn spun by its agency of the extraordinary fineness of seven hundred hanks to the pound.

The problem being thus triumphantly solved, it might be supposed that the reward would not be slow in following, and that, at the time of his marriage in 1780, Crompton was fairly started on the road to worldly wealth and advancement. The very reverse of these suppositions proved to be the fact.

The expense of taking out a patent was in these days so enormous as to place this method of protecting his interests quite beyond his reach; and, as the superiority of the yarn which he brought into the market was a conclusive proof that he must be possessed of some secret improvement in the art of spinning, he found his residence constantly beset by prying eyes, the vigilance of which he was not always able to evade. It is related, and probably with truth, that Arkwright found means of paying a surreptitious visit to the machine. At length, wearied out by this protracted persecution, Crompton gave up the contest, and surrendered his invention to the public on the strength of a written agreement in which many of the most wealthy manufacturing firms in the neighbourhood bound themselves to pay to him the sums respectively attached to their names. The list of subscribers appended to this agreement is one of the most remarkable and suggestive documents with which we are acquainted. It contains, as we have said, the names of most of the wealthiest and most influential firms in the neighbourhood, who were purchasing, at what we may presume they considered an equitable rate, an invention, the importance of which must, even then, have been abundantly apparent; and it contains fifty-five subscribers of one guinea each, twenty-seven of half a guinea, one of seven and sixpence, and one of five and sixpence, making a grand total of 72l. 11s. 6d. (not 67l. 6s. 6d. as Mr. French calculates). Nor was the whole of this lordly sum ever realised: not a shilling was paid in advance, and some of the subscribers, when subsequently applied to for the money, refused payment; and the sum actually received by Crompton was just sufficient to build him a new machine containing four spindles more than that which he had given up. Thus far the *Mule* had certainly brought in little enough to its inventor. But this was not all. Crompton had yet to learn that he was the only man in England who was not to have the chance of making a respectable living by the free competitive use of his own machine. He found himself unable to enlarge his operations, owing to the impossibility of retaining workmen in his employ; for, no sooner had they acquired some little experience of the trade, than they were invariably seduced from his service by the higher offers of his more wealthy competitors; it being supposed that, if he taught them, they must know their business well. The result of this was, to quote his own words, that he found he "must be always teaching green hands, employ none, or quit the country:" a dilemma which reduced itself to the alternative of giving up spinning, or leaving his native land. He adopted the former course, gave up his mules, and returned to his original occupation of weaving, spinning only as much yarn as he could employ in his own looms as a small manufacturer.

The remainder of Crompton's story consists almost entirely of a record of the attempts which were subsequently made to secure to him some adequate reward for the almost incalculable services which his invention had rendered to the commercial welfare of his country. In 1800 some gentlemen of Manchester endeavoured to organise a subscription for this purpose on an extensive scale; but the scheme, which began with the most hopeful prospects, was interrupted by the breaking out of the war, and its natural effects upon trade, and the utmost

that could be realised was a sum of from four to five hundred pounds. The great attempt was made early in 1812, when Crompton, having collected a vast number of statistics showing the impulse which had been given to the cotton manufacture by the invention, went to London to lay his case before parliament. His petition was referred to a committee, which returned a highly favourable report; and the affair bore a most promising aspect, when it was suddenly interrupted by the assassination of Mr. Perceval, on the very evening on which he was going to propose a grant of 20,000*l.* to the inventor of the Mule. This untoward event led to considerable delay, during which time the inhabitants of Bolton evinced such decided symptoms of disaffection as could not fail to do anything but increase the inclination of parliament to receive favourably any claim connected with that locality; and when, after an interval of a few weeks, the grant finally came before the House, 5000*l.* was all that was asked for or obtained. Crompton seems to have felt very deeply the utter inadequacy of this sum as an equivalent for his services. Another attempt in the same quarter was commenced in 1825, but it led to no results; and Crompton died June 26, 1827, without having received any further reward from any quarter whatsoever.

Such is, briefly, the story of Samuel Crompton's labours and rewards. It is a sad, but not the less, on that account, an instructive one. The causes of his want of success are sufficiently evident; they lie in the deficiencies of his own character. He was totally unfitted by nature for the circumstances in which he was placed. He was as innocent as a baby of any knowledge of the world, and quite as helpless to encounter the sharp practitioners by whom he was surrounded. The anecdote told of him by Mr. French that, when he used to bring his yarn into the market, if any manufacturer offered him less than the price he asked, he would simply wrap up his sample, and walk away without saying a word, is thoroughly characteristic of the man. He possessed in the most eminent degree the harmlessness of the dove; but, without the wisdom of the serpent, this is rather a hindrance than a help. And, when pushed to the wall by his stronger and less scrupulous competitors, he never dreamt for a moment of taking his own part. He expected Heaven to help him, but never stirred a finger to help himself. His complaints of the persecution and espionage to which he was subjected are almost abject; and they are continued so persistently throughout his whole life, even at periods when no object for such espionage can possibly be traced, that it is difficult to avoid the conviction that he was subject to monomania on this particular point. As Mr. French well observes, no two characters could possibly be more broadly contrasted than those of the two fellow-townsmen, Crompton and Arkwright; and in the difference of their characters lies the key of their different success in life. While we fully recognise all the amiable qualities by which the former was distinguished, it is nevertheless the indomitable energy and perseverance of the latter that we should be inclined to hold up to the workman as the principal object for imitation.

Thousands of such instances are passing before our eyes every day. It is but rarely that any one is conspicuous enough to "point a moral or adorn a tale"—here we have two.

The Curate and the Rector. By Elizabeth Strutt. (Routledge.)

THE first impression made upon one by reading this clever tale is, that a considerable part is merely a *réchauffé* of the "Vicar of Wakefield." This impression quickly disappears, however, and gives way to a genuine admiration of the author's originality and power. The incidents are, without doubt, very much of the colour of those which enliven Goldsmith's immortal tale. But the treatment is wholly different, and the by-plots give ample evidence of the author's freedom from any plagiaristic tendency.

The hero is Mr. Slender, curate to the pompous, plethoric Dr. Pluffy, rector of the valuable living of Gormanton-cum-Creykedale. Fifty pounds a year, soon reduced to forty, was all the poor curate could depend upon towards making both ends meet. Here is an extract from his journal—a document that forms a running thread throughout the volume, reappearing at every fourth or fifth chapter—which gives one sufficient insight into the poor man's privations:

"I have been very busy all day with my accounts. It is well for me I was not brought up to commerce, for I cannot bear figures. All my debts are now paid, thank God! except the bill with the grocer: I doubt not he will wait for a little longer, for when Margaret went to speak to him a fortnight since, he told her he should be sorry if she made herself uneasy about it. I have paid the butcher five pounds, being his account from last February—ten months,—it is not out of the way for three persons; the baker, four pounds for six months; three pounds for coals, nearly burnt out, I am sorry to say; two pounds for the shoemaker, his last year's bill—I wish I could make my own, it would be amusing in the winter evenings; five shillings to the brewer, for a cask of small beer; fifteen to the linendraper; two shillings for stationery; and two more for my share of the *Cambridge Chronicle*, which comes to twopence per week; making in the total fifteen pounds four shillings; there remain, then, out of the twenty-five I received the day before yesterday only nine pounds sixteen shillings.

"It is vain now for me to think of the coat, and yet I have great need of it; to be sure it is not new, but it is very respectable; perhaps, however, Goosagab will let me have it, a few months hence, at the same price, if he does not find a purchaser for it meanwhile. My poor Margaret has still more need of a gown than I have of a coat; my heart aches when I see her, poor child, going about the house in a gingham frock this piercing weather. Lucy is better off, for her sister robs herself of her best things for her, under pretence that they are too small for herself.

"Certainly I ought to give up the newspaper—this vexes me; it is such a treat to have it at my own fireside on a Saturday evening. Creykedale is so out of the way of everything that is passing;—not that I care for that as far as concerns myself, but, as Cowper says—

"'Tis pleasant, through the loophole of retreat,
To look upon this Babel of a world,"

particularly in such stirring times as these. I shall never now hear how the poor Poles go on."

Fortunately Mr. Slender has two "angels in the house," his daughters, Margaret and Lucy, who solace his darkest hours with hopeful words and smiles, and enable him by self-denial and housewifely prudence just to succeed in paying his way. We are not surprised to find the ultimate elevation of this worthy man due entirely to these daughters, or rather to the more angelic of the two, who—after a labyrinth of cleverly-told adventure—exchanges the name of Margaret Slender for the more euphonious one

of Mrs. Clement Courteney. Young Courteney won her love under the assumed character of an itinerant player, and turns out upon nearer acquaintance to be a very Mr. Burchell, possessed as he is of vast landed property together with a capital living for his father-in-law. Creykedale is only eight miles distant from Cambridge, and hence Mr. Courtney, who enlivened his studies at Trinity by a liberal patronage of the Barnwell Theatre, has ample opportunities of prosecuting his suit. The adventures of the rector's family form a telling counter-part to the poor curate's career. Dr. Pluffy's income, large as it is, becomes rapidly diminished by his putting into practice a pet theory, namely, that in order to obtain preferment you must appear not to want it. His fine living is at last sequestered, and the Doctor, retiring to the poor vicarage of Creykedale just as his former curate blooms into a happy and wealthy father-in-law, consoles himself by delivering a furious harangue on the text, "How are the mighty fallen."

We have no space to follow the author through the amusing episodes with which her tale abounds. Yet the characters of Lord Orville and of Shirley display a considerable amount of real talent. We are compelled, however, to close these remarks with merely inserting one more specimen of the writer's general style. The persons described are the inmates of the "Roebuck Inn," Creykedale, a locality where not a little of the underplot is supposed to be carried on:

"The 'Roebuck' itself was a very tolerable animal, considering that the artist had never seen one. The landlady was still better: she had been handsome in her youth, and retained enough of her pristine beauty in the autumn of life not to begrudge those who were in their spring, whatever claims they might wish to set up to admiration on the same score. She was kind in her first impulses, wary in her second, and generally shifted round to kindness again as soon as she had satisfied her conscience that she was not to be imposed upon, and convinced her neighbours that she could see as far into a millstone as most folks.

"She had a daughter, of whom, perhaps, she was not less fond for people saying 'She was very well, but would never be so handsome as her mother,' and a husband, who was such a 'quiet man,' to use her own somewhat obscure eulogium on him, that many pretty regular customers did not even know she had any husband at all, inasmuch that his being taken for a visitor was a joke to which she was much accustomed, and appeared most heartily to enjoy. Not but what Mr. Greensides had his uses—what, indeed, in nature has not? He was an excellent hand at taping a barrel, and a very competent judge of its quality; he was an oracle as to the weather, and could hear the trot of a horse a mile off. It was this last peculiarity that enabled him to announce to his wife one fine morning, as she was bustling about with a duster in her hand, the approach of a customer long before he came in sight. 'I guess he is from Cambridge,' said the quiet man, turning from the door to resume his place in the chimney corner, the transit between those stations generally forming the limit of his walks to and fro, which made up by repetition what they wanted in extent.

"'I hope he may be,' said Mrs. Greensides. 'Run, Betty, my girl; put the poker into the fire in the best parlour, and just give your table a bit of a wipe with your apron, and get your tray ready, so that you can whip it in in a jiffy; very likely the young gentleman will be for having a broiled pigeon, or a kidney, or a morsel of ham, or some little savoury thing or other; they are always so fond of a bit of relish, them young gentlemen.'"

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Voyage en Espagne et en Algérie, en 1855.
Par M. Boucher de Perthes. (Paris.)

M. BOUCHER DE PERTHES is less ambitious than M. Alexandre Dumas; he does not take us quite as far as the Himalaya mountains, nor does he boast of anything like those geographic discoveries which have rendered the author of "Monte Christo" for ever illustrious. But his peregrinations to Spain and to Algeria are related in an amusing manner, and the sketches of character which are interspersed amidst descriptions of scenery or political reflections are often extremely curious.

The volume begins somewhat far from the ultimate destination fixed by our traveller, viz. at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and the first scene described is the landing of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, on her visit to the Emperor Napoleon III. M. Boucher de Perthes manages to get a capital place in the throng of sight-seers; he scans rather critically the rowd around him, objects to some of the uniforms, and seems very fastidious on the ore of human beauty. Thus, at the ball ven to the Queen at the Hôtel de Ville, Paris, he remarks that "sur cent (hommes) pouvait affirmer, sans exagération, qu'il y avait quatre-vingt qui étaient laids, commus, ou insignifiants." This is, our riers will say, very poor compliment to il fascinating cavaliers assembled on the ocion; but let us add that M. Boucher de Pes makes an exception in favour of own countrymen: "Il y a beaucoup de fige étranges parmi les Anglais," says he; "m c'est chez eux aussi qu'on rencontre, daves hommes comme chez les femmes, les plusieurs types humains."

Fr chapters, forming a kind of intro- duct, are devoted to Paris, the Great Ex- hibition, theatres, &c.; we are then whirled away Bordeaux, Bayonne, Saint Sebastian; and, ee in Spain, we find ourselves jolting on thebanquette of heavy diligences along abomable roads, where the descendants of the went Hidalgos are transformed into highmen, armed to the teeth, and rather preant in their demands for charity. Despall that poets and enthusiasts have said aut Spain, our anxiety to journey on the finer side of the Pyrenees never was very inense; but after the terrifically pic- turesque descriptions given by M. Boucher de Pes, it has reached the tiniest proportions indeed. Only fancy, ye who are astomied to "express trains," only fancy scart dragged by eight oxen! "Et quels morqueurs que ces bœufs! c'est le cabales à quatre pattes, mais dont le calme et l'impossibilité me rendent fou d'impatience. Nous faisons à peine cinquante pas par quart d'heure!"

In cricising the Madrid conveyances, the wine, the fare, and in general the way of living, ur author could speak out his mind without much danger; but how did he find the courage to make about the fair sex the remarks contained in his book? From the accounts he gives himself, it seems clear that Spanish ladies will endure anything but contempt; alight an Espagnole, and the chances are in favour of your being stabbed the next morning. Yet M. Boucher de Perthes has not allowed himself to be bewitched by the twinkling eyes which adorn the puerta de Alcala, and conscious, perhaps, that the averaging poniard cannot reach him as far as Alhambra, he dispels without pity the illusion in which Alfred de Musset and other song-

sters had kept us respecting the Venuses of the Iberian peninsula.

After a short excursion through Spain M. Boucher de Perthes embarks at Santa-Pola for Cherchell, where he lands at last, heartily glad to get away from a country which mismanagement has completely spoilt. This part strikes us as one of the most interesting throughout the whole volume; the view it gives us of the effects of French civilisation in Algeria is both original and correct, and the sketches, or *tableaux de genre*, if we may so call them, which fill page after page of this amusing book, are doubly characteristic here, because the people and customs represented are those with which our acquaintance is the least perfect.

To conclude, the "*Voyage en Espagne*" must not be mistaken for a work on archaeology, or for the journal of a scientific expedition. It is merely a note-book of adventures written with a great deal of humour by an intelligent, accomplished gentleman, and will, as such, become soon, we doubt not, deservedly popular.

My Note Book; or, The Sayings and Doings of a London Physician. (Sampson Low, & Co.)

As the *bon vivant*, accustomed to feasting at the *Trois Frères*, to many courses and to rich wines, will now and then turn from the pomps and vanities of gluttony to find much satisfaction in the peaceful porridge or the homely gruel, so a critic will, after many good intellectual feasts, turn to the work of an ingenuous and self-satisfied writer, and admire his compositions. So it is with the London Physician. He tells us little that is new; he adds two to two and solemnly informs us that they make four; he never says anything that has not quite palpably been said before; and he ultimately concludes his work with an implied benison on humanity—of which he is part, and so writes the word *finis* as his face beams with benevolence above the paper. The London Physician is above praise, beyond censure, and even superior to the base coin of this realm, as he himself states in his Preface.

The "*Sayings and Doings*" are voluminous and singularly diversified, including Social Science, Idleness and Industry, Married Life, Cancer, Trance, and Old Maids, each subject being pointed with morals and adorned with tales; while the least dereliction from moral rectitude leads to the most horrible bodily catastrophe. Indeed, the work strongly reminds us of Mr. Warren and the Diary of a Physician. Certainly the pages are not so vigorous as those of the work named, but nevertheless the resemblance remains. And, as though to make the similarity complete, the London Physician and Mr. Warren seem agreed in their opinions as to the education of the lower classes:

"The servant of the present day is constantly mistaken for her mistress, and the valet for his master. No wonder. The education and accomplishments of the servants have been, and are, such, that the domestics have been raised to a wonderful pitch of refinement, and they know it. A servant, on entering a new situation recently, informed the mistress of the establishment that she was quite satisfied with the proposed wages—I beg her pardon: *salary*, was the word—and general arrangements, but there was one little matter which had not yet been alluded to. She 'expected to be permitted a short time daily to keep up her practice on the piano-forte!' . . . Genius and great talents cannot be kept back. Let the servant be taught to read, for, by so doing,

the Bible—that best of books—can be read; and I do not see any objection to her or him being taught to write, as the fact of their being able, if so disposed, 'to read their master's or mistress's letters' must be left to their integrity, as the capability to read and write may stand, and often does stand, in good stead to them. They may also be taught to cast-up accounts. Let them be well initiated in all plain work, never mind embroidery and fancy work; and do not let us forget to impress upon them the necessity of thoroughly understanding *plain cooking*, as not only will this useful art be of service to them in a situation, but in the event of marriage it will render a young woman qualified to undertake the duties of a poor man's wife, for by economy and proper management in this matter especially, a great deal may be done towards rendering homes happy among the humbler classes."

The very first chapter is an essay on "Married Life," with a distinct warning against allowing the husband to feel such domesticities as washing-days. Case in point laid down of course:

"A second child came,—things grew worse. His comforts were wholly neglected; and occasionally, on his way home, he called in, for only ten minutes, at a particularly comfortable inn, just to rest himself, and, perhaps, to have a little refreshment: tea or coffee at first,—afterwards a small cheering glass, to save the trouble of those at home."

On the awful spelling-book principle of "Tom," who "fell into a pond and was drowned" for some very mild disobedience—indeed, the neglect of the said domesticities in the case in point results in the husband taking prussic acid and the wife dying of consumption and penitence. Then follows the moral:

"Fair Reader, I have done. Pause one moment at the commencement of married life, and reflect whether it be not worth your while to endeavour to make home as it should be; and, after all, think whether it is not wise to arrange household matters *before* your husband—the partner whom you vowed at the altar to 'love and cherish until death does you two part'—returns to you, having devoted his day to earning honestly a competence for yourself, for him, and his family."

In the chapter on "Selfishness" the Physician says:

"Who that reflects for a moment on the sickening, disgusting fruits of utter selfishness, would not wish to pull up by the roots every fibre and tendril of so pernicious a growth? Selfishness requires incessant, steady watching, else it never will be eradicated."

But he does not define selfishness. Indeed, we should be glad to see the quality defined, for in its higher sense it is almost celestial. In its lowest phases quite diabolical. If the London Physician give us another Note Book, perhaps he will offer the world his definition of the quality—he would have something new in his book. But if the present Note Book contains nothing new, and this is excusable, perhaps, for it is printed under the sun; it possesses many nice atoms of good observation. The following is in the chapter on "Selfishness:—"

"When travelling per railway, I have seen men who, at home, pride themselves upon extreme *politesse*, behave in such a barbarous way at the stations where passengers stop to dine as would, I cannot but suppose, disgust 'savages' themselves, as they are termed. I have known them to turn absolutely deaf ears to a poor, hungry little girl, who has, perchance, timidly asked them to pass her a tart or a biscuit. 'Oh!' they think to themselves, 'we are only permitted a certain time to dine before the train starts, and it is our object and bounden duty to eat and drink as much as possible in time; we pay the same money for the viands whether we eat much or little!'"

We have several interesting "tales," given *à propos* to "Dyspepsia:"

"I was consulted early one morning by a highly intelligent-looking lady of rank for 'a very severe and peculiar affection existing,' said she, 'between the chest and stomach; a space which,' as she informed me, 'was caused by the inroads of a large fly, originally!' 'A large fly!' said I, abruptly, startled out of my usual caution of manner by the strangeness of the assertion. 'Yes,' said she: 'a large fly! I am tormented day and night by this horrible invader of my peace. Listen to the account I shall lay before you; but, before doing so, I must candidly inform you I have consulted half the talent in your profession, but without avail. There is still the dreadful buzzing movement internally; and within the last three years, the one original fly has multiplied into no less, I am sure, than five others, which will shortly, I doubt not, destroy life.'

"Here's a hypochondriac!" thought I, and forthwith extracted from her the following:—Eight years before, she had come home after a long and hot walk in the heat of summer, and feeling very thirsty, had availed herself of a goblet of water standing on her sideboard, and swallowed the contents, not perceiving in her eagerness a large common fly which was alive in the tumbler; that, ever since that unfortunate morning, her agonies had been unceasing; and that she now felt as though there were five instead of one, and 'must either be cured, or she certainly should take poison!'"

The physician prescribes a spider enclosed in a capsule, which devours the flies; the lady feels them successively swallowed, and then a powerful drug destroys the spider in turn! Very amusing, only, unhappily for our London Physician, Foote had told the same story with infinitely greater humour before him.

On "Parish Matters" the London Physician seems to have peculiar experience:

"An aged woman, whom I have personally known for years—a simple, industrious, excellent old soul—became almost unable to earn her bread. She had been in the service of a family for the term of an average life-time, and had received from them, at parting, what trifle they could afford, so as to render her something above actual want. These means, however, failed, and she was advised to apply to the parish for a loaf of bread. She did so; and after waiting at the appointed place the greater part of a day, in the company of many other poor creatures, she was told that she 'looked too well off in appearance to need relief!' and on her persisting in her piteous, but true, tale, at length, with great difficulty, succeeded in obtaining a loaf, but accompanied with a severe reprimand for coming there respectfully attired; and angrily warned not to show herself at that place again, for if she did they would certainly give her into custody!"

Is this within the bounds of possibility? Could even a parochial body fall so low? We hasten to offer them an assurance that we doubt whether the above narrative be not a libel.

In the "Trance" essay, wherein the Physician is as purely professional as he ever was, we find one or two especially respectable pages; but the author must tack on a moral:

"Such is the history of a trance. I cannot help thinking that there should always be most extreme care and attention paid in case of a death, lest, by any chance, so horrible an occurrence should take place as to be buried alive! On such a thought the brain will scarcely—nay, cannot—dwell. It is too appalling."

On "Drunkenness" the Physician reads such homilies as should make people tremble—his drunkards really are drunkards. Sobriety flies away before them hopelessly. And the following extract will show to what

an extent a thoroughly good and moral hobby may be ridden:

"When about eight or nine years of age, as well as I can recollect, I happened to be staying at the house of an old lady, a tried friend of my parents—one of those simple, and, as the world has it, *well-meaning* people, who, nevertheless, do an infinite deal of mischief, in spite of all their good intentions. I remember being seized with a slight pain in the stomach, originating, I dare say, in some impropriety of food. The old lady immediately rang the bell in alarm, and calling for brandy, obliged me, much against my inclination, to swallow a portion. From that fatal moment I date the whole of my miseries,—my unhappiness here, my eternal punishment, I fear, hereafter! That small drop, although disliked at the time, engendered a love for more. The habit grew upon me, child as I was. Each trifling ailment was met by an unnatural craving for stimulant!"

Nothing can be more dangerous to the cause of temperance than a weak and irrational attacks upon its opposite.

In conclusion, the book is written by a weak but good man, who believes he has a great didactic mission. His experiences are interesting, and his impressions amusing.

Letters from Alabama. By Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S. (Morgan & Chase.)

Mr. Gosse is far from being a stranger to the British public. For some years he has been well known as one of the most enthusiastic and successful students of marine zoology, and as the author of several pleasant works on that popular subject; and he has once attempted, but with more equivocal success, to penetrate into the less accessible domains of speculative geology. Now, however, he comes before us, to a certain extent, in a new light. It appears that he has for the last few months temporarily abandoned those pursuits with which his name is especially connected, and has been residing in the hilly region of the State of Alabama, U.S. His object in going south was, as we learn from the present volume, to open a school. This phrase, however, does not convey in this case exactly the same meaning as it would do if used in connection with England. In Alabama, as Mr. Gosse tells us, schools

"Are not private enterprises, but the ordinary mode of procedure is as follows. Some half-dozen planters of influence meet and agree to have their children educated together, each stipulating the number of pupils to be sent and the proportion of expenses to be borne by himself. These form a board of trustees, who employ a master at a fixed salary, and though they allow others to send their children at a certain rate, are yet personally responsible for the whole amount in the respective proportions of their stipulated subscriptions."

Such a post as this, involving the charge of some dozen young planters, Mr. Gosse had no difficulty in obtaining. His school-room was a mere log-hut, situated in a small clearing in the midst of the virgin forest, and at some distance, not only from his own dwelling, but from any human habitation whatever. This circumstance, however, was no cause of regret to Mr. Gosse. Like a true naturalist, he always kept his eyes open in his daily walk to and from his school, welcoming it as a constantly recurring opportunity of acquiring a more intimate acquaintance with the free Nature which he loves: and so has collected, almost imperceptibly, by a no means inconsiderable store of valuable and interesting observations, chiefly relating to the natural history of the country in which he was then residing.

These observations he communicated, from time to time, to his friends in England in a series of letters which, as they arrived, were successively published in a periodical bearing the eminently domestic title of *The Home Friend*; and these letters, after revision, are now reproduced in an individual form, "in the hope that they may prove a not wholly valueless contribution to natural history." This modest aspiration will, we venture to say, be fully realised. Mr. Gosse is always welcome when he comes before us in the character of a naturalist; and the unpretending little volume with which, on the present occasion, he presents himself to our notice, contains much information which, though not bearing especially on Mr. Gosse's favourite subject, is not only valuable in itself, but is also conveyed in a very pleasant and interesting manner.

It was to the study of insects that Mr. Gosse principally directed his attention during his residence in Alabama. And, indeed, to judge from his account, this must be a rare country for the entomologist. It is not intelligence like the following sufficient to arouse feelings of envious longing in the breast of every man who has ever seriously devoted himself to the enthralling pursuit of butterfly-hunting?

"An eye accustomed only to the small and generally inconspicuous butterflies of our country, the *Pontia*, *Vanessa*, and *Hipparchia*, can hardly picture to itself the gaiety of the species which swarms with large and brilliant swallow-tails and other *patrician* tribes, some of which, in the extent and volume of their wings, may be compared to large bats. These occur, not by straggling solitary individuals: in gliding over a blossomed field or prairie knoll we see hundreds, including perhaps more than a dozen species, besides moths, flies, or other insects."

In addition to the butterflies, there is a wealth of beetles, whose outward appearance is generally, to judge from the prepared specimens, singularly unprepossessing to the unprejudiced eye, and some of which are at least as no less strong than they are ugly. Mr. Gosse relates how, when one of these, the *Oryctes Maimon*, was brought to him as he was writing one afternoon, he locked him temporarily under a quart bottle full of milk which stood on the table, and the fellow at the bottom of which was large enough to allow the beetle to stand upright. Presently the bottle began to dance about all over the table, impelled solely by the efforts of the imprisoned insect. Mr. Gosse illustrates the amount of muscular strength necessary for performing this feat by comparing it to that of a boy of fifteen, who, if confined under the great bell of St. Paul's which weighs 12,000 pounds, should succeed in his efforts to escape in moving it about over the smooth pavement of the cathedral. Though Mr. Gosse has devoted most of his time and space to the insect tribe, he by no means neglected to exercise his powers of observation on such birds and other animals as fell in his way. There is one of the latter in particular, which, owing to the prominent part which it occupies in American legendary history, has always been invested in our eyes at least with so peculiar and mysterious an interest, that we are led to hope that the reader will welcome with an eagerness equal to our own an account of what this celebrated creature is like while in the flesh. Need we say that we allude to the Snapping Turtle? This is the manner of him, who, in more scientific, but infinitely less impressive language, is occasionally called the Alligator Tortoise (*Chelydra serpentina*):

"It is said to be three feet in length, and as ferocious as the mailed leviathan after which it is named. Concealing itself under the broad floating leaves of aquatic plants, it suddenly darts out its great head, and makes a snap at any intruder with fatal precision; while such is the force of the muscles which move the jaws, such the strength of their substance and the keenness of their cutting edges, that any object less firm than metal is pretty sure to be divided. Instances have not unfrequently occurred of unwary persons having their fingers amputated at a single snap of this vicious creature. The allusion to the alligator in the name given to this animal does not refer so much to this ferocity as to the form, the stout limbs, and especially to the long, thick tail flattened side-wise, and surmounted by a saw-like edge of stout elevated plates."

This behaviour on the part of the *Chelydra serpentina* bears, it must be confessed, a closer analogy to "the rage of the vulture" than to "the love of the turtle." There is yet another tortoise, which, though possessing the singularly pacific name of the Softback, appears to be even more equal to the feat of digesting Rufus Dawes than the animal described in the foregoing extract; but for a description of him, the reader must refer to the volume itself.

But, despite all these advantages, Alabama does not seem to be precisely the country which even a naturalist, if tolerably fond of a quiet life, would select for his residence. Even from an entomological point of view, it has its disadvantages. As in every country where there is a hot sun and plenty of swampy ground, mosquitoes are a matter of course, and Mr. Gosse does not think them worthy of more than the most casual mention; but, as Mr. Hannibal Chollop (was it not?) observed, there's something more than this; there's ticks more. Yes, reader, ticks. You may, perhaps, have heard of, or even seen, them in connection with dogs, sheep, and other quadrupeds; but you may thank your stars that you have never sojourned in a land where they exhibit a decided preference for human society. Mr. Gosse's revelations concerning these pests fairly make one shudder. Imagine a beast so detestably ingenuous and systematic as to hold on with its two hindmost feet to the extremity of a leaf, while its six other limbs are waving about in the air, ready to adhere with fatal pertinacity to any animal substance with which they may come in contact. Once lodged, it buries in the flesh of its landlord "a horny, tubular proboscis, the extremity of which is armed with reflected barbs," and proceeds at leisure to its appointed work of suction. So firmly does it adhere that it cannot be pulled away without considerable force and some laceration; and so thoroughly does it perform its task, that Mr. Gosse has found them, when, sated with blood, they have dropped spontaneously from their victim, swollen from their original size—about as large as a capital O, and as thick as a sheet of paper—to the dimensions of a large horsebean, both in diameter and thickness. Add to this that these brutes have the presumption (barring unavoidable accidents) to live three years, and to be classified, like respectable animals, into seed-ticks, yearling-ticks, and old ticks, according as they have existed for one, two, or three twelvemonths respectively; and it will, we think, be conceded, even by the most enthusiastic entomologist, that so perverse a generation of insects must influence in no small degree the comfort and happiness of the inhabitants of the country which they infect.

Nor does Alabama appear to be altogether a desirable place of residence in a social point of view. It is one of the southern states in which the institution of slavery is most rigorously preserved and most carefully cherished. Mr. Gosse hints that he could, if he dared, tell strange and dreadful tales of unheard-of torments inflicted upon the unhappy blacks. But, seeing that the distinguishing characteristics of the Southerner are his quarrelsomeness and recklessness of human life, and a tendency to resort to the bowie-knife or rifle on the smallest provocation; and considering the extraordinary skill with which he is accustomed to perform the difficult feats of nail-driving, needle-threading, candle-snuffing, and squirrel-barking, with the latter weapon; Mr. Gosse has decided, we think with sound discretion, that it might be as well to abstain from any invidious remarks about slavery in a letter destined to pass through a post-office, the master of which is, in all probability, a gentleman of this formidable description. Sometimes, when in pursuit of revenge, an Alabamian exhibits a self-forgetfulness and disregard of consequences which is almost sublime. Mr. Gosse cites an instance of an overseer who, having been offended in some way or other by the owner of a travelling menagerie, summoned a few of his companions, waylaid his enemy, and actually rolled the whole of the caravans down a steep ravine. The cages fortunately held together; so that this avenging gentleman was spared the responsibility of adding lions and tigers to the bears and panthers which are still to be met with in his native forests. Warned by such occurrences as these, Mr. Gosse confines his detailed observations to the more harmless peculiarities exhibited by his neighbours. One of these relates to their language. There are very few of the expressions which struck Mr. Gosse as worthy of notice, which we have not heard dozens of times before; indeed Mr. Gosse can hardly consider novelty as a necessary qualification for an anecdote, since he actually recounts at length the time-honoured story of Major Scott and the racoon; but there are nevertheless two or three which deserve quotation. The Alabamians use the word "holler" in a much more extended sense than we do; thus, a lad, describing a bee which was making a great humming in a hollow tree, said that "the bee hollered in its hole." It may possibly surprise some of our readers as much as it did Mr. Gosse to hear that the term "prairie" is not confined to an open, grassy space, but is also applied to a forest, a distinction being drawn between *open* and *wooded* prairies. The essence of a prairie is, Mr. Gosse believes, to be found in its soil; but in what peculiarity thereof he omits to mention. We must not overlook an example of purism and accuracy in the use of language which we should scarcely have expected in such a place, involving, as it does, a distinction which is at once novel and worthy of being perpetuated. Mr. Gosse, in examining an opossum which had been recently killed, spoke of it inadvertently as "a singular creature." This was a serious mistake, the term "critter" being much too honourable for such an animal, as it is usually confined to cattle; and it was promptly corrected by the overseer, who observed, "A 'possum, sir, is not a critter, but a varmint."

Before taking leave of Mr. Gosse's pleasant volume, we must briefly call attention to a singular instance which it presents of the manner in which a man's judgment of any

particular action is liable to be biased by his individual inclinations and pursuits. In speaking of that particular phase of rabbit-hunting which is commonly called "twisting a rabbit," and which consists in twiddling a long, slender switch for some time in the hole in which the animal has taken refuge, until the end becomes firmly entangled in the fur, and then drawing it out with a steady pull, he makes this memorable remark, that, "almost all kinds of hunting, being accompanied with torture to the poor animals pursued, must be considered cruel; but this mode struck me as more than ordinarily barbarous and shocking." Since the rabbit always holds on as fast as he can, and his extraction is consequently not effected without considerable laceration of his skin, the process is undoubtedly a very cruel one; and we were, when we first came to this part of the book, quite ready to indorse Mr. Gosse's expressions of indignation. But when we had got a little farther into the volume, we found our author quietly noticing, as a remarkable fact, that moths, when pinned by the collector before the deposition of their eggs, hasten to deposit them on the setting-board itself; "as if," as he complacently observes in connection with one particular instance, "she was aware that she had not long to live, and anxious to make the most of her time." The discovery of this passage weakened, we must confess, in some degree, the force of Mr. Gosse's virtuous indignation. Protests against hunting "as being accompanied by torture to the poor animal pursued," do not come gracefully or effectually from a man who habitually practises a mode of hunting which must surely come under the same category. We are far from accusing insect-hunters of cruelty; we only say that we think they had better leave other hunters alone. It must be a singularly entomological eye which fails to see—the two objects being considered merely as instances of physical pain—at least a possible comparison between an insect impaled alive, and extruding its eggs in its dying agony, and a rabbit with the twisting-stick still entangled in its lacerated skin.

Sketches and Statistics of Cincinnati in 1859.

By Charles Cist. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati; Trübner, London.)

This book is a species of serial, being published with the interval of a few years between each volume, and belongs to that class which advertisements tell us should be in the library of every gentleman, but which are sure never to be read and but seldom even opened.

Nearly a hundred and sixty pages are filled with an account of the foundation of Cincinnati, and the history of its first six years, which consists for the most part of a series of battles with the Indians, in which the United States troops were on three successive occasions beaten by the savages in sanguinary battles.

The country on the Great and Little Miami, Scioto, and Muskingum rivers having been ceded by the Indians, the United States Congress sold about half-a-million acres of land between the two Miami rivers to a member of its body named Symmes. Seven hundred and forty acres of this tract were resold to Mr. Stites, who laid it out for a city, which formed the nucleus of the present Cincinnati. In November, 1788, about twenty emigrants from Pennsylvania settled on the spot, and commenced clearing away

the timber from the ground they had chosen for their home. The infant community naturally incurred the hostility of the savages, who found their game driven away from what they still considered their hunting-grounds. The depredations the Indians committed had to be repressed and punished, and accordingly an expedition for that purpose was despatched, and General Harmar chosen to command it. He proved himself utterly incapable of directing the troops, and the army suffered two severe checks in consequence:

"The orders to General Harmar were to march on to the Indian towns adjacent to the lakes, and inflict on them such signal chastisement as should protect the settlements from future depredations.

"The whole plan had been devised by Washington himself, who well understood the subject, having prior to the revolution, as is well known, learned much practically of the Indian character, as well as the condition of the west, although it is not easy to conceive why he should have selected such men as Harmar and St. Clair, who were destitute of the training he had himself acquired, and which could have been found on the frontiers of Pennsylvania and Kentucky, in many distinguished Indian fighters, ready for use. The force of circumstances probably biased his judgment, as it served to effect appointments equally exceptional during the war of 1812, such as those of Hull, Dearborn, Bloomfield, and Chandler, men who had outlived their energies, if ever qualified practically for the weighty trust devolving on them."

He retreated to Cincinnati and was succeeded by General St. Clair, who was even more unfortunate, and caused the destruction of fully half his troops. His disastrous campaign almost ruined the rising city; to this was added pestilence,—small-pox broke out among the garrison, and, spreading over the town, carried off nearly a third of its inhabitants. General Wayne was now in command, and he inflicted such a chastisement on the Indians in a single battle, that they were glad to sue for peace, and a treaty was accordingly signed in August, 1795.

At the time when this treaty was concluded, the infant settlement consisted of ninety-four cabins and ten frame houses, and contained about 500 inhabitants. This was not so bad in seven years, considering the losses occasioned by the war and the epidemic. Five years later half as many more had been added to the population, which at the expiration of another fifty years had attained the number of 118,700. At the present time the inhabitants are estimated at 225,000, or, including the suburbs on the opposite bank of the Ohio, at 250,000 souls.

The natives of Cincinnati may well be proud of the Queen City of the West, as they call her, where within the lifetime of a man a forest of gigantic beech and maple trees has been transformed into a city of a quarter of a million inhabitants, with a future prospect of becoming one of the most important in the United States.

We who sit at home at ease in a civilised country can have little idea of the hardships endured by early settlers in a territory infested by hostile and savage tribes. Mr. Cist gives numerous anecdotes of the life of the first immigrants to the backwoods of America:

"At the place where they landed on the 18th November, 1788, and to which the settlers gave the name of Columbia, two or three block-houses were first erected for the protection of the women and children, and log cabins were built, without

delay, for occupation by the several families. The boats in which they came down from Limestone being broken up, served for floors, doors, &c., to these rude buildings. Little, however, could be done beyond supplying present sustenance for the party from the woods. Wild game was abundant, but the breadstuffs they took with them soon gave out, and supplies of corn and salt were only to be obtained at a distance, and in deficient quantities, and various roots, taken from the indigenous plants, the bear-grass especially, had frequently to be resorted to as articles of food. When the spring of 1789 opened, their situation promised gradually to improve. The fine bottoms on the Little Miami had been long cultivated by the savages, and were found mellow as ash-heaps. The men worked in divisions, one-half keeping guard, with their rifles, while the others worked, changing their employments morning and afternoon. One immigrant had brought a looking-glass, boxed up, from the east, and the case being mounted on a home-made pair of rockers, served for the first cradle in the settlement. It had previously been set across a barrel to do duty as a table. Individuals now living in Cincinnati were actually rocked, during their infancy, in sugar-troughs.

"It was with difficulty horses could be preserved from being stolen, by all the means of protection to which the settlers could resort. In one family the halter-chains of the horses were passed through between the logs and fastened to stout hooks on the inside. But neither this precaution nor securing them with hobbles, would always serve to protect horses from the savages. On one occasion, a fine mare, with her colt, had been left in the rear of the house, in a small inclosure. The mare was taken off by Indians, they having secured her by a stout buffalo tug. It appears they had not noticed the colt in the darkness of the night. As they rode her off, the colt sprang the fence after the mare, and made such a noise galloping after, that, supposing themselves pursued, they let the mare go, lest she should impede their escape, and the family inside of the house knew nothing of the danger to which they had been exposed, until the buffalo tug told the night's adventure."

The danger of assassination was constantly present:

"My brother had been taking a cow out from Fort Washington to Dunlap's Station. He was in company with a party of three from the garrison, and on their way out called upon Colonel Riddle, of our city, then a blacksmith, and paid him three dollars on account of a bill he had owed at the shop for some time. 'You had better give me more,' jocularly observed the colonel, 'the Indians will get the rest.' 'Never fear,' was the careless reply. In the course of two hours afterward he had a bullet put through him, his scalp taken, and the residue of his money carried off. The party had imprudently fastened a bell to the cow, which enabled the Indians to surprise and massacre them."

The scalp is invariably carried off as a trophy, and this led to the no small mystification of at least one savage:

"Colonel Elliott was taking what is now called the Winton road to Cincinnati. On reaching about four miles of his journey, he was fired on by savages in ambush, and killed. He fell from his horse, which made its way back to Hamilton, followed by his servant upon the other horse.

"Elliott was an uncommonly large man, being both tall and heavy, and weighed nearly three hundred pounds. He wore a wig, which of course came off, under the application of the scalping-knife, without exhibiting marks of blood, to the great surprise of the Indians, who viewed it as a great imposition, and spoke of it afterwards as 'a d—d lie.'"

With respect to the population our author informs us that:

"A large share of the inhabitants of Cincinnati, as is the case in most of our large cities, is composed of foreigners. Among these the German

element preponderates largely, being more than two-thirds of the whole. The Irish is the next largest, and, with the nativities of the other British isles and dependencies, make up nine-tenths of the residue. Almost every part of the world, in small proportions, is represented here. Foreigners, thus, with their children born here, constitute more than half our population.

A comparative view of the facility with which these heterogeneous elements become swallowed up in the absorbing and fusing process, now and for the future in progress, which is destined to render the Anglo-American race paramount throughout this great continent, would be sufficiently curious, although too extensive a subject to be brought into discussion here. It may suffice to say, that of all classes of foreigners, the German soonest assimilates to the great mass. It takes but one generation to obliterate all the distinctive marks of this race—even of language, usually a most tenacious feature. On the contrary, the Irishman, whose dialect does not differ much, except in accent and tone, from ours, retains his family identity for several generations. So, also, but in a less degree, with the English and Scotch.

"To the industry of foreigners, Cincinnati is indebted, in a great degree, for its rapid growth. Their presence here has accelerated the execution of our public improvements, and given an impulse to our immense manufacturing operations, without which they could not have reached their present extent and importance."

The climate of Cincinnati is pretty equal, ranging from 33° in the winter to 75° in the month of July, while the mean temperature for the year is 54°. The successful cultivation of the vine is a proof of the beauty of the climate, and especially the absence of frost late in the spring.

The latter half of the work consists of what professes to be statistics of various branches of trade in the city, with the number of hands employed, the annual value of the produce, and the percentage of raw material; also an account of the educational establishments, as they are called, for boys and girls, banks, insurance offices, &c., the whole forming a sort of appendix to the directory. Of course these are all paid for as advertisements, and are, therefore, quite below notice as a literary production.

The volume is illustrated by a good view of the city from across the river, a picture of the Masonic Temple (we should like to know what divinity is worshipped there), and several schools of some pretensions to beauty, specimens of engraving, &c. We must emphatically protest against the vandalism of placing advertisements on the cover of the book. It may pay well enough, but is the very acme of vulgarity and want of taste.

UNIFORMITY OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

On the day when the Social Congress at Bradford will be assembled to discuss the important subjects which will be presented to their notice, and of which we have ventured to make a few observations in our last, there will be gathered a number of gentlemen connected with all the most civilised nations of the globe, to take into their consideration the possibility of inducing all mankind to use the same weights, measures, and coins. As one of social and economic science this question yields in importance to few, and that its objects have not been obtained long ago is only to be attributed to the known slowness with which the public can be moved, even when its strongest interests are concerned. "*Quia non movere*" is a maxim which suits the natural indolence of the

human mind too well not to find many advocates, and we are not therefore surprised that so many States should cling to a system which, though it is a bar to commerce and a bore to travellers, would yet require some little labour for its effectual reform. All merchants know how much trouble is occasioned by the differences between the currency alone of various countries, how complicated a mercantile education becomes when the student has to master not one but twenty monetary systems, and how infinitely the difficulty is increased when each country has also its own system of weights and measures. It may be said by those who have mastered the difficulty, that for them it exists no longer; they can transact all the requisite business, and others have no right to expect a state of affairs which has done very well hitherto, to be changed for their convenience. Nay, there are not a few who openly declare that the difficulty of commercial science is itself an advantage, and that it furnishes a kind of test for the ability of those who apply to it, which is far from being undesirable. But whether it be good for a science in which all mankind are interested to be difficult of attainment, or whether it be expedient to make it as easy as possible, one thing is clear, that the difficulties do exist, and that by far the majority of reasoners look on them as unmixt evils.

But when we come to the practical question, why not agitate for their removal? we are met by some such arguments as these: Nothing could be done without greatly inconveniencing the bulk of the population; they are accustomed to their present mode of reckoning, and it would cause them so much trouble to alter it, that we doubt whether the benefit would counterbalance the annoyance. Nothing more is said than this: "it would for a while give some trouble to those who are not ready reckoners." No one, save those who think labour a good thing in itself, and who, according to those principles, are bound to object to printing and steam looms;—no one but these will contend that it is an advantage to me, in going to France, to find a different monetary system, and to have to translate my accounts from pounds, shillings, and pence, into francs and centimes. No one but these can see any benefit from the metre on the one side of the channel not corresponding with the yard on the other, or from a similar difference between the litre and the quart.

We shall speak first of money. At present France, Savoy, and Belgium, have a currency equal in weight, fineness, and value; all accounts kept in one country are intelligible at once to the inhabitants of the other two; the coins themselves circulate freely throughout the three; money-changers are not required; tables of calculation are simplified; and the commerce of these lands is, so far as currency goes, fused into one. In this system there are three advantages; the silver is fine and well struck, the copper is only a token, and the mode of computation is decimal. In Germany we have a great multitude of systems; and though there is a fine silver coinage, which in Prussia and Hanover is becoming more plentiful, yet as a whole the German coinage is bad in quality and inconceivably complicated as to its value and denominations. No one can look without disgust at the handful of coarse, ill-executed, greasy, and brassy coins which make up the change for a German dollar. They are alike discreditable to the mint and inconvenient

to the merchant. If the Germans are in earnest in desiring to have a united Germany, they cannot more effectually promote their object than by reforming their monetary system. If such a reform should ever take place, the system of France is that which ought to be at once adopted; it is the simplest and the most intelligible; it enjoins a purity of metal which perpetuates the beauty of the coinage; and it offers the still greater advantage of a decimal computation. In Germany the gold coinage is comparatively rare; the great medium is paper, and the metallic currency is chiefly in the basest silver. Gradually as gold becomes more abundant the German states will adopt its use more abundantly for monetary purposes. In France the demand for gold is very great, and before long gold will be as much the chief circulating medium there as it is in England. In Spain, this has long been the case, and the gold currency of that country is remarkable for its purity and accurate weight. It is probable that before long the French and Spanish coinages will be assimilated; the French franc is not much lighter than the Spanish peseta, and the addition of Spain to the group of countries using the French decimal system will be extremely important to the cause. Portugal must at once follow Spain, as the rest of Italy is already following Piedmont. More important than all would be the accession of England—this gained, all the rest of the world would come into the enjoyment of uniformity before ten years were out. But it is said: What can we do with our currency? We have already more coin than all the rest of the world put together. We would simply suggest the recalling of the sovereigns and the retaining of the half-sovereigns; let the shilling be reduced to the size of the franc—retaining its name, if that be thought worth contending for; let the sovereign circulate as a piece of twenty-five shillings; let there be struck gold pieces of twenty shillings, ten shillings, and five shillings; silver pieces of five, two, and one shillings, half and perhaps quarter shillings, and any other small coins which public convenience may require. We would then allow a certain time, say, perhaps, two years, during which the present sovereigns might be permitted to circulate—but not to be re-issued from the bank. At the same time, and for the same period, the silver coinage of the present system might pass, and then be wholly prohibited, but still received in payment of taxes, and at the royal mint. We are well aware that all this would be attended with some trouble and some inconvenience; that many small dealers would be puzzled from time to time by the conflicting systems; but in the course of a few months they would have learned all that would be necessary. Day by day, as the old coinage was withdrawn and the new one became more plentiful, the difficulties would decrease; and by the end of the two years we should have a currency assimilated with that of half the world. Our example would be extensively followed, we should have the great advantage of a decimal system, commerce would be greatly served, and its votaries eased of at least a quarter of their labour.

We look on this great question from a scientific point of view: one position renders this the most important in our eyes. We have political and commercial economists to weigh the palpable benefits and the supposed disadvantages of the decimal system; it is clear that it is, and must be, the most scien-

tific; and we have now the testimony of France, Belgium, Savoy, and America in its favour, as practically the most convenient. Our acute cousins on the other side of the Atlantic have paid much attention to monetary science; they have adopted a decimal coinage with the best results, and would, we have reason to believe, cheerfully join the greater part of Europe, if such an agreement could be made. It is, perhaps, scarcely possible to say what facilities would be opened out for the commerce of the world under such an arrangement. The people of the United States must, ere long, occupy Mexico; not improbably Peru, Chili, Bolivia, Venezuela, and the rest of South America up to Brazil. The outlets for trade which will thus be exhibited, the new stores which will pour in upon the world, the additional reasons for "peace on earth," which will be manifested as discoveries are made, and each new tribe is enabled to send its quota to the world's welfare, must all demand uniformity in weights, measures, and coins; but we forbear to pursue so attractive a subject.

It will be evident that no international system can be adopted save a decimal one, and we see in France one which has been so well and carefully elaborated, has been tried so long and with such complete success, that to seek another would be useless labour. It would be worse than this; it would defeat its own object, for France would hardly agree to change hers, the merits of which she knows, simply because some other nations, unwilling to adopt her plans, would prefer to invent some thing quite new. We do not anticipate that national vanity will stand in the way; we only look for that amount of obstruction which every new scheme must infallibly receive.

NEW NOVELS.

Raised to the Peerage. By Mrs. Octavius Freire Owen. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THIS novel fell into our hands only after we had seen it reviewed in several other periodicals, and we certainly expected a treat of no ordinary character. We were told that it was the novel *par excellence* of the season—that its delineations of character were so exquisite, its plot so complicated and yet so clear, its style so poetical and yet so simple—that at last we had a perfect romance. Alas! for the facts. A more heterogeneous mass was never piled together than that which our lady novelist has managed to get into the compass of these three distressing volumes. Some half-dozen abductions and nocturnal flights; an attempted murder in the guise of Mrs. Radcliffe's ghosts; a high-minded English lady who secretes her son's letters; treats, fees, and temporises with a felon, ill-treats her idolised daughter because she marries a poor clergyman (her own marriage was a *mésalliance*), and wilfully causes her no less idolised son to commit bigamy, she and the said felon all the while knowing of the existence of the first wife; an Abbé who, after five years' patient love-making, offers violence to a young penitent, and plans a midnight abduction, happily, but most clumsily, prevented by a venerable old Père of doubtful orthodoxy and an idiot of convenient intelligence when needed; various scenes in "flash kens," gambling houses, and the like, with a wild profusion of book-made slang evidently taken out of Paul Clifford and Jack Sheppard, but of which the fair lady herself never heard the echo—Heaven forbid that she should, or that she should have ever seen what she attempts so feebly to describe!—a reckless bandying about of high names, a queer unnatural commingling of all discordant elements and impossible conditions: and the reader has the skeleton of Mrs. Owen's book, with the proviso that the skeleton does not show

half the inconsistencies and deformities of the perfected creation.

Mr. Darnley Sheffield, a young man of irresolute character and undisciplined impulses, when on his grand tour, contracts a secret marriage with a certain little French girl, Mademoiselle Estelle, the (so-called) niece of one Rusé Malvoisin. Afraid to take her home to his wealthy, kind-hearted, parvenu father, and aristocratic, loving, high-born mother, he leaves her in Paris under the guardianship of this so-called uncle, and sets off for England. Malvoisin has him tracked. He is seen at Dover kissing and talking to a respectable old goody, his aunt, who lives in a tumble-down cottage: whereon Mr. Rusé, inferring that Mr. Darnley Sheffield is not the *bon parti* for pretty little Estelle which this precious worthy took him to be, sends the baby to the *Enfants Trouvés*, and rushes off to America with the girl, there to secure, if possible, a larger prey. Estelle writes to Darnley a letter, which a good angel in the shape of one Marcelline (the Abbé's penitent, of whom more hereafter), drops safely into the post. This letter the Hon. Mrs. Sheffield sees. There is nothing peculiar about it, but that it is written in a small feminine hand and comes from France. Instantly this queenly, peerless woman abstracts it from the heap, and burns it in her own room. Before being consumed, the writing shows these words: "Separation—Estelle—Death." Darnley goes to Paris, and discovers the loss of his wife and child; comes back distracted and despairing; saves the life—in an impossible manner—of Lady Frances Bolsover, who instantly falls in love with him and goes on loving him vigorously for five years; has a fever; raves; receives another letter during his delirium, which this time his lady mother takes care to read before cremation; and finally, is persecuted into marrying Lady Fanny—his mother, now Lady Wentworth, knowing that it is a false marriage, that Estelle is alive, and that the boasted connection with the Bolsovers, which it has been her aim for five years to encompass, is a mere delusion and sham, and "the heir" no more the real heir than the little beggar child at the gate. This is Mrs. Owen's notion of what a high-bred English mother could and would do for pride. And not only this, but long conferences with Malvoisin whom she attempts to buy off by large and heavy bribes; lies upon lies to her adored husband, with whom heretofore her life has been one of crystalline purity; baseness and truckling to her accomplice; enforced submission to his familiarities; and, as the crown and summit of all, a midnight assignation with him in the park pavilion, which assignation Lord Wentworth surprises, and is struck with paralysis as he stands.

Rusé Malvoisin—Mr. Crafty Badneighbour—is the villain, *par excellence*, of the work; but Mrs. Owen has a weakness generally for villains. She has some half-dozen of them, of "pure blood," without counting the moral zebras of alternate stripes of vice and virtue. But on the whole, Rusé Malvoisin is the worst. He turns out to be no uncle of Estelle, but, on the contrary, her ardent lover, who at one time is willing to live by fleecing her husband, at another by fleecing her lovers—only that Estelle is virtuous, and will not sell herself; finally proposing to marry her himself, and resorting to violence when persuasion fails. This Rusé, be it known, has in years gone by murdered Estelle's grandfather, to please the man who seduced his own beloved, Estelle's mother; he is then left guardian to Estelle, whom he brings up as his niece, and, after marrying her to Mr. Sheffield, seeks to make an income of her beauty, and finally declares himself her lover and determined to be her husband. Her father, the betrayer of her unhappy mother, is the Abbé Vancin, Marcelline's Abbé, who has not, it seems, mended the evil of his ways, but goes on in his scandals, just as if no law and no morality existed in the whole of France. The story ends by Estelle flying from Rusé's brutal care; leaving New York (where she is the most popular actress of the day) under the name and title of the widowed Lady Altonby, and, under

the guardianship of the present Lord Altonby, who is her devoted lover—(she is assumed to be the widow of his nephew, the late lord, dead in a drunken brawl at a gambling house)—her meeting with Darnley, then married; her reconciliation with him when a widower; the recovery of her child whom Marcelline has brought up; Darnley's death; and her final happiness, married to Lord Altonby, and living near to Rosamond, Darnley's twin sister. This is a summary of what Mrs. Octavius Freire Owen sets forth as the fair picture of sane, living, and actual society in England, France, and America, at this present time. If any one has ever known a pendant to the same in real life, for the sake of science let him publish his experience at once. A detailed account of a colony of Gorillas, a new planet, or an undiscovered race, would be tame in comparison with the interest which one would feel in seeing or hearing of rational English people who could act as Mrs. Owen makes her puppets act, or whose modes of life were of the same character.

SHORT NOTICES.

Buchan. By the Rev. J. B. Pratt. Second Edition. (W. Blackwood.) This volume is as interesting a specimen of local history as is commonly to be met with, and Scottish local history is perhaps the most interesting of any. The character of the people, self-reliant to a fault, and impatient of foreign novelties, has of course done much towards the preservation of ancient customs and traditions which have elsewhere faded away before the stronger light of civilisation and knowledge, while at the same time their attachment to "the ancient ways" is coupled with an independence of thought and love of freedom which prevents it from degenerating into mere weak sentimentalism. It is rather odd mixture, namely, an unbounded attachment to what is old, united with vigorous radical tendencies in all matters of religion and politics, that make the genuine Scotchman so well worth studying. And though in a work like the present, which is more of an antiquarian description than anecdotal or humorous, there is, of course, comparatively little exhibition of Scottish character, yet even in the relics and memorials of the past there are the same distinguishing traits; in the old family mottoes and legends we find the same symptoms of that ancestral pride and individual independence, of that religious earnestness so curiously devoid of reverence, which characterise the Scotchman of to-day, as they did his progenitor of a thousand years ago. Mr. Platt seems to have done his work with great completeness, and we have no doubt his new edition will be valued by all Scottish readers.

Memories of Rome. By Denis O'Donovan, Esq. (Dolman.) This is a little volume written by a thoroughbred Irishman, an enthusiastic Papist, and a budding poet. What is likely to be the result of such a combination our readers may readily imagine. His eloquence is of that burning and rather mountainous character peculiar to his countrymen, while his descriptions of all his own proceedings and the society by which he was courted remind us alternately of Tom Moore and Captain Costigan. His language on the subject of the Pope and the Romish religion generally are mere verbal rhapsodies, and excite a wondering smile at their apparent simplicity and good faith: "The majesty of the Pope," writes his faithful fellow, "is, beyond contradiction, the loftiest on earth,—the triple crown is the emblem of the highest sovereignty in the world. Every other title,—whether it be Czar or Kaiser,—sinks into insignificance, every other dignity becomes naught beside that of him who sits upon the chair of Peter and holds the keys of Heaven in his charge. The supreme head of religion on earth, the great high priest of God, the chief bishop and pastor of all the faithful, the spiritual father of monarchs as well as their subjects, there is no human being uniting in himself of interest, therefore, must attach to everything connected with so distinguished an individual. Let us look, then, and life of him who holds at present this highest and holiest position."

Of society in Rome we have the following:

"I am soon 'at home'—there is no stiffness in the manners of those Italians, all is elegant and easy—and in

a moment I find myself poking amongst albums and portfolios, with as much zeal, and talking with as much vehemence and *empressment*, as if for years I had been accustomed to sit every evening amongst them, through most of the company I had seen for the first time last night . . .

"I am engaged with a stereoscope, into which a Cicerone opens—the Marquis of A—is introduced, and a dashing young officer enters the room. He is one of the noble Guard, and I conclude from the name, and the exclamations of the children of the house—'O Pepino! mio mio!'—that he is a younger brother of my amiable hostess.

"The door again opens: a lady enters, and the greetings with which the 'Cicerone' is received mark the high rank of this distinguished visitor. I am introduced to her, and she proves to be the sole child and heiress of one of the loftiest families in Rome.

"Once more the door opens—'O Monsignore *stimate*!—a flash of joy lights up every countenance, and all rise to meet the venerable Bishop of R—, who is uncle to the lady that has just preceded him."

Again:

"A letter for *eccellenza*," said the man, bowing.

"*Va bene, Giuseppe*," was my only reply, as I took it from him, and glanced at the well-known coronet on the seal, and the familiar handwriting of the superscription.

"The note was from a young Spanish nobleman of my acquaintance, and was couched in the following brief but apparently significant terms:

"I shall be at the Café Grec at half-past-eight this evening. If you have leisure to meet me there, I have news to impart that will afford you pleasure" (*davvi e F. noticias que le causaran placer*).

The polished ease and aristocratic habits evinced by this last incident defy comment, and we leave the descendant of the O'Donnells on an eminence from which we do not care to pull him down.

A Familiar History of British India. From the Earliest Period to the Transfer of the Government of India to the British Crown in 1858. By J. H. Stocqueler, Esq. (Darton, Holborn Hill.) A compact little volume comprised in about two hundred pages, in which all the principal facts of Indian history are arranged with distinctness, and, as far as we could judge from a hasty perusal, without error. It is, however, as may be imagined, excessively meagre; and so far from being adapted to the use of schools and colleges, is, we should think, only suitable to go into the lower forms of the first-mentioned.

Wanderings in India. By John Lang. (Routledge.) Another compilation from *Household Words*, and the name of the author of the "Wanderings" is a sufficient evidence of their interest. Indeed Mr. Lang has always said wonderful tales to tell that we cannot help sometimes doubting him in spite of the best will in the world to be as confident as a child. Here are one or two specimens. The first takes place in an Indian churchyard:

"He hasn't made his toilet yet—hasn't rubbed his scales up, sir; but he'll be ready presently. You will see. Keep your eye on that hole, sir. I am now going to give him a livelier tune, which is a great favourite of his; and forthwith he struck up an old song, beginning:

"'Twas in the merry month of May,

When bees from flower to flower did hum."

"Out came the snake before the song was half over! Before it was concluded he had crawled slowly and (if I dare use such a word) rather majestically, to within a few paces of the spot where the old man was standing.

"Good morning to you, sir," said the old man to the snake. "I am happy to see you in your new suit of clothes. I have picked up your old suit, and I have got it in my pocket, and a very nice pair of slippers my old wife will make out of it. The last pair that she made of your rejected apparel were given as a present to Colonel Cureton. What song would you like next? 'Kashim Mavouneen?' Yes, I know that is a pet song of yours; and you shall have it."

"The old man sang the melody with a tenderness and feeling which quite charmed me, as well as the snake, who coiled himself up and remained perfectly still. Little reason as I had to doubt the truth of any of the old man's statements, I certainly should have been sceptical as to the story of the snake if I had not witnessed the scene I have attempted to describe."

Here is a second:

"And during that hour and half a pretty mistake was committed. The first palkee was that containing the valet, and the one behind was that of his lordship. The valet had not recovered the effects of his potations; and, on being awakened, seemed, and really was, bewildered and stupefied—so much so, that he could not inform the magistrate that he was 'only a servant,' and not entitled to the attentions that were showered upon him. With trembling hand, he took the cup of tea from the silver salver, and gazing wildly round, murmured rather than said—

"Brandy! Little brandy!" which was at once brought and administered. He then, had his warm 'wash,' sat down on the best bed, and suffered himself to be punkah'd by two domestics in snow-white garments.

This revived him somewhat; but still he felt far too ill to talk. He simply shook his head, and there was a good deal of meaning in that shake, if the magistrate could only have understood it.

"Take some brandy and soda-water, my lord," said his host.

"The valet nodded assent.

"The magistrate mixed the dose, and administered it with his own hands.

"The valet sighed, and again shook his head.

"You will be better presently, my lord," said the magistrate.

"Drunk as a lord!" hiccuped the valet.

"O, no, my lord! It was the jolting along the road."

"In that coffin?" said the valet, who now began to regain the use of his tongue.

"Yes, my lord."

"Am I a lord? He, he, he! Where am I?"

"At Durwolah, my lord."

"And who are you?"

"Your host, my lord."

"Then this is not the station-house?"

"Not exactly, my lord."

"Give us a little drop more of that last brew."

"Yes, my lord."

"Ah! Thank you! I feel better now—much better. It was that champagne. Good it was, though. What place was that we were at?"

"Bijmore, my lord."

"I'm not a lord."

"Would that I were in your place, my lord!"

"Well, it isn't a bad place," grinned the valet.

"Plenty to eat and drink, little to do, and good wages. But hang this Hindyler! It was a mistake altogether!"

"The magistrate took this for fun, laughed immensely, and then said:

"We had Lord Frederick Pontaguieure staying with us for a week, last winter. A very amusing character he was."

"O, had you? Was he amusing? O! We don't keep his company. Don't know him. I'd give a five-pound note to be in Piccadilly at this moment. This is a nice mess. But the traps are all right, I see. There's the dressing-case, and the writing-desk, and the little medicine-chest."

"Recline upon the bed, my lord, and have a gentle sleep. The punkah, you will find, will very speedily lull you to repose."

"Well, I will," said the valet; and soon fell fast asleep. The venetians were then closed, and the house kept as quiet as possible.

"When Lord Jamleigh himself arrived, and established his identity, the scene that ensued may be easily imagined."

We also cannot remember the black youth with the blue eyes who came over to England as one of her lords, and who disappeared—the history of whom we have under the title "Black and Blue." Mr. Lang's book is very readable—its best quality.

Notes corroborative of the remarks in "The St. George's Hospital Medical Staff," exemplifying the state of the Medical Profession. (John Churchill.)

The medical profession is, we regret to say, in a terribly bad way. It is not long since Mr. Lee told us so in his work on the St. George's Hospital medical staff; and since that time he has found, chiefly in letters addressed by voluntary correspondents to various medical journals, so many statements corroborative of his gloomy views, that he has felt it necessary to publish his recent discoveries in a separate pamphlet, in the guise of notes to his former work. The state of things disclosed in these notes is really most distressing. It is a notorious fact that, in all elections to hospital appointments, the merits of the candidates are never taken into consideration; and that, in order to ensure success, it is necessary to have recourse to measures "repugnant to the feelings of a man of true honour." The Medical Reform Act is "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare;" and totally fails to accomplish its professed object of preventing quacks from practising as duly qualified practitioners. The Medical Council does nothing but register practitioners; and requires no qualification beyond the payment of the registration fee. This is very bad: but it can scarcely be wondered at, when we reflect that Sir B. Brodie is the president of the council: a gentleman whose portrait has been drawn with such terrible accuracy by that unflinching iconoclast Probe, in Vol. IX. of the *Medical Times*. "He has," says Probe, "no pretensions to genius: he is the most natural Jesuit we ever knew. His features are good; a prominent, well-shaped nose, placed obliquely, gives him two distinct profiles, so that, like a Roman divinity, he may be said to have duplicity stamped upon his countenance. His eye is sunken, denoting absence of great command of language, perceptive organs very much developed, secretiveness and acquisitiveness large, and self-esteem towering above all the rest. He loves notoriety,

though he is too wily not to affect to avoid it."

Such being Sir B. Brodie's character, *teste* Probe, it would of course, as Mr. Lee points out, "be doing him injustice to suppose him to be actuated by personal animosity in making the remarks which he has felt to be called for by the exigency of the case;" or in characterising the president of the council as "one in whom the *amor nummi* is so strongly exemplified as to have led on several occasions to the commission of discreditable acts for the sake of a few pounds, and to the self-appropriation of 200*l.* a-year from the hospital funds." The examinations at the College of Surgeons are perfectly worthless: as, indeed, must be the case, seeing that "the curriculum is framed on the most mephistophical principles."

If there were any doubt as to the fact that success in the medical profession is quite independent of, and affords no guarantee for, the possession of medical skill, it would be at once removed by an article on the "Modern Practice of Physic" in *Household Words*: but it is so notorious that the medical men of London are not to be relied on, that the present Lord Shaftesbury some years ago was obliged "to go to Paris for the health of a sick child;" and Mr. Lee is acquainted with many similar manifestations on the part of Englishmen of want of confidence in the practitioners of their own country. This is, we repeat, a very distressing state of things; and Mr. Lee has established a lasting claim on our gratitude by setting it before us in such true and lively colours. If, as his own statement would lead us to suppose, it was his "failing in his endeavours to obtain the assistant-surgery at St. George's, notwithstanding the superiority of his testimonials, and his being unjustly excluded from the college fellowship," that first opened his eyes to the true condition of the medical profession in England, we can scarcely bring ourselves, considering their important consequences, to regard these events with the regret which they are in themselves calculated to excite. However this may be, one thing is certain, the evil is before us, and the only question is, what is the remedy?

Obviously, to arrange matters, somehow or other, in such a manner that Mr. Lee may find himself immediately in the possession of an extensive practice, and that St. George's Hospital may expiate the crime of having refused him a paltry assistant-surgery by laying unasked its highest offices at his feet. This, like many other desirable objects, may possibly appear somewhat difficult of attainment; but if Mr. Lee will continue to back our efforts with the same skill and energy which he has already displayed, we do not despair of its final accomplishment. There is, he tells us in his pamphlet, a good opening for a "pushing" man. It is, we presume, under the influence of this conviction that he has appended to his present work a copy of the superior testimonials which, as he phrases it with a touching and modest vagueness, "were sent to the Governors of St. George's Hospital on the occasion of a vacancy in the office of assistant surgeon."

Mr. Lee may take our word for it, that "pushing" so temperate and judicious as this cannot fail to meet with its reward.

MAGAZINES.

Blackwood is very full of travel this month.

The paper on the "Discovery of the supposed Source of the Nile" is continued. It seems an admirable photograph—but a dull one. In capital contrast with this endeavour is the second part of "Horse-dealing in Syria," a perfect specimen of travel jottings, observant, condensed, and at times lively. The following is a specimen of the picturesque:

"From all quarters camels are flocking in, with a slow solemn stalk; those already arrived standing patient and motionless. All around rises their strange cry—a sound resembling, in quality, a grunt, but with a prolongation that gives it the character of a bellow; mingled with the cries of the dark herdsmen, who, sometimes on foot and sometimes perched on the top of a big camel, admonish their flocks with frequent hollas. 'Whoa-hup! whoa-hup! whoa-hup!—Yah!' cries the herdsmen; and, with a curious variety of woe-begone and despairing tones, the camels answer in strange chorus. First camel, very gutturally, 'O-o-o-o-o-o-o,' second camel, wrathfully, 'Wa-ow-ow-ough,' third camel, most pitifully, as if it was really too bad, 'O-o-o! Eu.....gh,' winding up with an accent of disgust."

"Mountaineering" sets out with the assertion, that the national passion for sport is a "remnant of barbarism."

Frazer contains a paper "About the West Riding," which is about as erroneous as it well can be. If written by a man accustomed to Yorkshire, which seems impossible, the paper proves how a man may live, and yet be ignorant. But it is doubtless written by a southron, and he has not gone the right way to work with the Yorkshiremen. They do not "dislike greatly" to mingle with strangers, if they are met frankly. A Yorkshire rustic is more polished than the rustic of any other county in England. Mr. Charles concludes his admirable paper on the "National Drama of Spain." Mr. Keightley has a good paper—if a little dogmatic and vain—on Spenser.

The Virginians. The Virginians are now in harbour, and Mr. Thackeray has added one more complete work to his gallery. Of course we shall review the work at length at an early date. Perhaps *The Virginians* will do much to modify the general belief in Mr. Thackeray's cynicism. There are some beautiful "bits" in this concluding number: take the last sentences, written by George—Sir George Warrington:

"But the picture which Captain Miles and the girls declare to be most like is a family sketch by my ingenious neighbour, Mr. Bunbury, who has drawn me and my lady with Monsieur Gumbo following us, and written under the piece, 'Sir George, Mr. Lady, and MRS. MARRAS.' 'Here my master comes; he has poked out all the house-fires, has looked to all the bolts, has ordered the whole male and female crew to their chambers; and begins to blow my candles out, and says, 'Time, Sir George, to go to bed! Twelve o'clock!'"

"Bless me! So indeed it is." And I close my book, and go to my rest, with a blessing on those now around me asleep.

We need not state what noble author Mr. Thackeray is genially imitating in the following sentence:

"His march began in military state: the trumpets of his proclamations blew before him; he bade the colonists to remember the immense power of England; and summoned the misguided rebels to lay down their arms. He brought with him a formidable English force, an army of German veterans not less powerful, a dreadful band of Indian warriors, and a brilliant train of artillery."

Here is a charming atom:

"How happy he whose foot fits the shoe which fortune gives him! My income was five times as great, my house in England as large, and built of bricks and faced with freestone; my wife—would I have changed her for any other wife in the world? My children—well, I am contented with my Lady Warrington's opinion about them. But with all these plumes and peaches and rich fruits out of Plenty's horn poured into my lap, I fear I have been but an ingrate; and Hodge, my gatekeeper, who shares his bread and scrap of bacon with a family as large as his master's, seems to me to enjoy his meal as much as I do, though Mrs. Molly prepares her best dishes and sweetmeats, and Mr. Gumbo uncorks the choicest bottle from the cellar!"

And is not the following sentence touching? It is an episode of the war:

"There was but one bed of straw in the hut where we had quarters, and Hal and I slept on it, side by side, as we had done when we were boys. We had a hundred things to say regarding past times and present. His kind heart gladdened when I told him of my resolve to retire to my acres and to take off the red coat which I wore: he flung his arms round it. 'Praised be God!' said he."

As gentle a page as any in the book is that in which poor Hetty refuses Harry, who has become a widower. Here is the epilogue to her early passion:

"Aunt Het is now a staid little lady with a voice of which years have touched the sweet chords, and a head which Time has powdered over with silver. There are days when she looks surprisingly young and blooming. Ah me, my dear, it seems but a little while since the hair was golden brown, and the cheeks as fresh as roses! And then came the bitter blast of love unrequited which withered them; and that long loneliness of heart which, they say, follows. Why should Theo and I have been so happy, and thou so lonely? Why should my meal be garnished with love, and spread with plenty, while thou solitary okest shivers at my gaze? I bow my head humbly before the Dispenser of pain and poverty, wealth and health; I feel sometimes as if, for the prizes which have fallen to the lot of me unworthy, I did not dare to be grateful."

Will Esmond gets his *congé*:

"As for Mr. Will: there is a tablet in Castlewood Church, in Hampshire, inscribed *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, and announcing that 'This marble is placed by a mourning brother to the memory of the Honourable William Esmond, Esquire, who died in North America, in the service of his King.' But how? When, towards

the end of 1781, a revolt took place in the Philadelphia Line of the Congress Army, and Sir Henry Clinton sent out agents to the mutineers, what became of them? The men took the spies prisoners, and proceeded to judge them, and my brother (whom they knew and loved, and had often followed under fire), who had been sent from camp to make terms with the troops, recognised one of the spies just as execution was about to be done upon him—and the wretch, with hideous outcries, grovelling and kneeling at Colonel Warrington's feet, besought him for mercy, and promised to confess all to him. To confess what? Harry turned away sick at heart. Will's mother and sister never knew the truth. They always fancied it was in action he was killed."

Beloved Dr. Johnson is mentioned in the very last page, and perchance it is the doctor's influence which has prohibited Mr. Thackeray from giving us a preface.

The *Dublin University* contains a paper entitled "A Gallimaufry," which lays before us some good literary tit-bits. Mill's "Liberty" is reviewed.

Titan opens with a paper, whose very title is terrific, "Pathological Love in its English Aspect." The "Newcomers," and, singularly enough, all discoveries considered, Mr. C. Reade's "Peg Woffington," are made to illustrate the writer's argument. The paper is very good, notwithstanding its ill-chosen title. There are no less than forty pages of the novel "Getting On," which is doing so with a vengeance. A tale entitled "Loves and pitchers for Two," will do.

Bentley's contains the first chapter of a new tale, "Slander and Sillery; or, How a Paris Lion was Hunted," eminently French, lively, and superficial. Mr. Thornbury writes a poem, "The Unknown Knight." Here are the first two lines:

The rose clouds hovered round the sun,
High up amid the soft June blue.

A chapter on "Social Life in Berlin" gives some alarming information:

"Female prodigies wear short white frocks, and trousers with frills (even when twenty years of age), and remain children longer than the boys; indeed one trainer of prodigies allowed his child to play until a compassionate old bachelor procured her admission to the almshouses for old maids."

Once a Week. Mr. Charles Reade has finished "A Good Fight." He has fully carried out his promise to infuse a German element into any German tale he should write—an assertion he made in consequence of critical complaints that "White Lies" was singularly French. Those quaint papers which may be termed economical utopias are continued, "Orchards in Cheapside" being one of them. The "Artificial Man" is very good. Mr. Sutherland Edwards also contributes a nice even paper. This gentleman and several other literary men combine together and make great exertions in the cause of periodical literature. They write laboriously and extensively; we only fear lest they may prevent that influx of young literary blood which, if permitted to circulate in English literature, might renovate half the periodicals that are published.

The *Eclectic* leads with an article "Abelard and Heloise." It speaks rather of Abelard as philosopher than lover, but contributes to that possibly false sentimental halo which glorifies the memory of Heloise and her learned husband. An article on "King Arthur and the Round Table" will be read with pleasure, paying as it does homage to the good influence of legends connected with Arthur's name. Mary Howitt's "Sun Pictures" are continued.

It is *tonjours perdrix* with the *Church of England Monthly Review*. In the latter, we have an article on capital punishment, in which appears the characteristic sentence:

"A very pathetic, but, as we must be allowed to think, a very deluded, writer on this subject invokes 'satanic subtlety' to 'reconcile the Christian's creed with the practice of the anti-abolitionists. Let it unite the poles,' he says, 'or bring the antipodes together; they are as much sunder.' The abolitionists of capital punishment themselves are strenuously doing Satan's work, yet we would not uncharitably charge them with the 'satanic subtlety' thus earnestly besought."

The *Review* opens with an article, entitled, "The Doctrine of Inspiration," which thus commences:

"It is a sorrowful sign of the times in which we live, that there should be any necessity to vindicate the divine origin of the Bible. For our own part, we cannot but suspect that the foundations of unbelief upon this subject are generally laid in some immorality of the unbeliever."

The *New Quarterly Review* has two difficulties with which to contend. Be the book good or bad, it has an equally small quantity of space for review, since this quarterly professes to give a general *resumé* of the quarter's literature, science, arts, and politics. The biography of Charles Keane is terribly handled, the work being called "a gross two volume puff." The dramatic review wants looking to, for to tell the public in October that Mr. Harris is to succeed Mr. Keane at the Princess's, when the former gentleman opened the house in September, exhibits some want of care on the part of the compiler.

The *Universal Review*.—This eminently practical review opens with a good article on "Rifled Arms." The "Idealistic Novelists" very justly condemn the class; really good fiction should be strong, human, and philosophical. An article on American numismatics contains all that need be said on the subject.

The number of *The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore* (Longman) for this month contains the satirical and humorous poems.

Kingston's Magazine for this month has one or two good papers, but the articles are commencing to chronicle too much blood-shedding.

We have before us Part I. of *A Domestic Practice of Homoeopathy* (Hamilton, Adams & Co.). A pretty strong evidence that the scheme has many followers.

We have to acknowledge Part XLIV. of *Charles Knight's History of England*. Part IX. of *The Working Men's College Magazine*. The concluding parts of *Murray's Byron*. Part XII. of *Chambers's Gallery of Nature*; and Part VI. of *Chambers's Encyclopedia*.

A series of papers entitled "Misdirected Letters" is commenced in this month's part of the *Constitutional Press*. Should we be wrong to say they are the work of Mr. Justice Halliburton? And does the following specimen prove the supposition?

"Well, they all have brandy stowed away in their trunks, and when they make crinkly faces (as all women do, to show they don't like it), and say 'it's too strong,' drink a glass yourself, and say 'ah! that is just the thing, it's lady's brandy, only half strength,' and then—oh, Solomon! what fun!—make love to the stewardesses, one by one (not before each other, galls don't like that), and get them to let you have a spree among the lady passengers."

The *Journal of Mental Science* for October contains a noteworthy article on "General Paralysis."

The *Revue Indépendante* opens with an important article, entitled "La Triste Vérité."

"Plain, or Ringlets?" has a good description of a dinner *à la Russe*.

The *Pharmaceutical Journal* contains a paper on "The Evidence in Dr. Smethurst's case."

Houlston & Wright's *Wild Flowers*, Part XVII., contains a nicely coloured orchid.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Afternoon of Life, by author of "Morning Clouds," 2nd ed. 12mo. 3s.
Anderson (J.), Dura Den: a Monograph of the Yellow Sandstone, royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Aston (G.), Income Tax Tables, new ed. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Austin (T. J.), Practical Account of General Paralysis, 8vo. 6s.
Bisaghi (A.), Extracts from Italian Prose Writers, 12mo. 6s.
Birthday Book for Boys and Girls, 16mo. 5s.
Bibliotheca Classica: Sophocles with English Notes, by Rev. F. Blyden, 8vo. 10s.
Bridges (C.), Book of Family Prayers, by Goodhart, 3rd ed. 4to. 25s.
Brookes (R.), General Gazetteer, new ed. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Bryant (T.), On Dislocations and Injuries of the Joints, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Burke (B.), Vicissitudes of Families, 2nd ed. 8vo. 12s. 6d.
Burn (R. S.), Designs for Villas, Mansions, &c., Parts 2 to 5, 4to. 2s. 6d. each.
Chambers' Edinburgh Papers: Romantic and Scottish Ballads, 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Chambers' Edinburgh Papers: Testimony, its Position in Scientific World, 8vo. 1s.
Chickseed without Chickweed, new ed. 12mo. 1s.
Children's Picture Book of Country Scenes, 16mo. 5s.
Children's Picture Book, illustrated by H. Weir, 16mo. 5s.
Coleridge (S. T.), Poems, new ed. 12mo. 6s.
Collins (W.), Queen of Hearts, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Cotton (R.), Phthisis and the Stethoscope, 2nd ed. 12mo. 3s.
Dana (H.), Seaman's Manual, 8th ed. 12mo. 5s.
Dean's Movable Books, Ned Nimble, royal 8vo. 2s.
Ellet (Mrs.), Women Artists in all Ages and Countries, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Fison (Mrs.), Handbook of National Association for Promotion of Social Science, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Food for the Young: Cheerful Tales, 16mo. 3s.
Foreign Office List, July, 1888, 9 vols. post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Freeman (G. E.) and Selwin (R.), Falconry, its Claims, History, and Practice, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Grant (J.), Legends of the Black Watch, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Guyon (Madame), Life and Opinions, by Upham, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Hamilton (J.), Truth and Error, new ed. post 8vo. 1s.
Hamilton's Songs, Words and Music, Book 2, 4to. 1s.
Handwick (C.), History, Position, and Social Importance of Friendly Societies, 12mo. 2s. 6d.

- Harrison's Treatise on the Vine, new ed. post 8vo. 2s.
Haaker (T.), Memoir of (Lamp to the Sanctuary), 18mo. 3s.
Health for the Household, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Hanger (J.), Epidemics of the Middle Ages, 3rd ed. 8vo. 5s.
Helen Lester, by Author of "Gareston Hall," post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Henderson (Jas.), Sermons, post 8vo. 6s.
Hereford (Bp.), Charge, August, 1888, 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Hewson (C.), Sketch Book, facsimile of, by Willes, 4to. 2s. 18s.
Hook (T.), Merton; or, There's many a slip between the Cup and Household Truths for Mothers and Daughters, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Hughes (W.), Class Book of Modern Geography, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Kingsley (C.), Westward Ho, new ed. post 8vo. 6s.
Knight (C.), Half-Hours with the Best Authors, new ed. 4 vols., post 8vo. 14s.
Lee (E.), Homoeopathy and Hydropathy impartially appreciated, 4th ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Lee (W.), Fennel's Origin of Fables in English Rhyme, 8vo. 1s.
Low (E. J.), Ferns, British and Exotic, Vol. 7, royal 8vo. 18s.
Lucian, Selections from, by Walker and Edwards, new ed. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
Marston (C. D.), Manual of Inspiration of Scripture, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Missing (The) Link; or, Bible Women in the Homes of the London Poor, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Montgomery (James), Poetical Works, edited by Willmott, 4to. 21s.
Murder Will Out: a story of Real Life, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
My New Picture Book, folio, 7s. 6d.
My Note Book; or, Sayings and Doings of a London Physician, 12mo. 6s.
National Magazine, Vol. 6, royal 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Peter (R.), Manual of Prayer for Students, 18mo. 1s. 6d.
Picture Scrap Book; or, Happy Hours at Home, Part 1, 4to. 4s.
Phillips Cabinet Atlas, 4to. 10s. 6d.
Phillips's Library Atlas, edited by Hughes, 4to. 15s.
Phillips's Popular Atlas, 4to. 12s. 6d.
Phillips's Select Atlas, 4to. 7s. 6d.
Phillips (Mrs.), Above Her Station; Story of a Young Woman's Life, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Pitt (W.), To the Wise in Heart on Our Duties in Church, 3rd ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Reid (Capt. M.), White Chief; a Legend of Northern Mexico, new ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Shakespeare, New Exposition of, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Standing Orders of Lords and Commons on Private Bills, 1900, 12mo. 5s.
Steven (H.), The Rest of the Blessed; a Sermon on the Death of Bishop Carr, 8vo. 1s.
Story of a Pocket Bible, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Tait (J.), Exposition of Epistle to Hebrews, new ed. 12mo. 12s.
Tholuck (A.), Light from the Cross, 2nd ed. 12mo. 5s.
Thomson (J.), Tables of Interest, 17th ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Tinsley (H.), Digest of New Stamp Act, 7th ed. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Tinsley (H.), Steps in Life, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Valentine (Mrs.), Reading and Teaching, 18mo. 1s. 6d.
Vaughan (C. J.), St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Wilson (J. C.), Theory of the Winds, 8vo. 8s.
Wilson (J. C.), Jonathan Oldaker, 12mo. 2s.
Winslow (O.), Precious Things of God, 12mo. 5s.
Woodborough Market Place, 18mo. 1s.
Yeardley (E.), Memoir and Diary, 8vo. 8s.
Yeatsley (J.), On Throat Ailments, 7th ed. 8vo. 5s.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW AND THE AMERICAN PRESS.—If the *Saturday Review* could be annihilated the voice of the American Press about this time would achieve the deed. The *Saturday Review* having written on America, and not too kindly, America sounds to the assault with one voice. We have read some dozens of these *ricochet* attacks—the following is perhaps the one of fullest flavour:

"John Bull does not always speak in 'thunder from his native oaks'; his voice is not always sonorous, dignified and imposing; sometimes he whines, and very often he snarls. In a recent number of the *London Saturday Review*, a journal of very great pretensions, we find the following remarks: 'It is difficult, and more than difficult to fathom, or even to apprehend, the great American mind in its popular aspect. What it seems to produce on the most exaggerated scale is the manner of life and the domestic habits of English village society. The same taste for scandal and gossiping, the same pretentious self-important estimate of their own petty local concerns, the same habit in which everybody indulges, of canvassing everybody else's business, characterises our transatlantic cousins and our own rural communities. That America has no stake in general politics and in the comity of nations, that it has a very cheap press, and that most of its life is spent in boarding-houses and drinking-bars, accounts for the fact that the occurrences which agitate public opinion and engage public talk, are of a character infinitely small and degradingly personal and petty. A low moral tone always prevails in a narrow society.'

"The above, with its impudent assertions and assumptions, is a nice specimen of the sort of stuff with which English journals occasionally regale their readers at the expense of the great western republic, twice victorious of Britain in the stern trial of arms, and oft victorious over her in many of the arts of peace. This is the John Bull 'snarl'—the 'whine' comes when John Bull is quaking in his shoes at some menace of imperial France, and wonders why Brother Jonathan, his blood kinsman, looks on his pitiable plight with indifference or with chuckling pleasure. A stupid people may submit cheerfully to alternate lacerations of soft soap and rubbings down with brickbats—an intelligent people, never. That many of our newspapers indulge in a good deal of gossip, we admit, and we might defend the practice on the ground that the 'proper study of mankind is man,' that minute traits tend to a knowledge of character, that the great world is but an aggregate of microscopic trifles, &c.; but all we have to say is that the practice is general, and not national; and that American newspapers deal no more in matters of personal gossip than French *Fraudeuses* or German *Gazettes*. What gives its spice and value to Pepys's Diary, and many other records of the past, is their personal gossip? The American newspaper reflects all the aspects of society, its grand and its minute features; and every one knows that it is grave enough and weighty enough at times to counterbalance all its innocent gossamer."

and flirtations. But the rebuke comes with an ill grace from a member of the metropolitan press, which chronicles every item relating to royalty and nobility, which supports a host of Jenkines and Yellow Plush who live on chronicling the pettinesses of the titled or wealthy great. They tell us how Prince Albert (we believe they pronounce it Halbert) sneezed, and when the Prince of Wales bought a pair of new boots—when Lord Fitzfodder rode in 'Yde Park, and how many bell-pulls the Marquis of Brandyford carried off in a drunken spree.

"We plead guilty to the sin of having 'cheap newspapers,' and it is to the circulation of these 'cheap newspapers' that our masses owe their intelligence, their knowledge of public affairs and ability to manage them. We are not indebted to John Bull for the idea of 'cheap newspapers' certainly, though we have to admit that we are indebted to him for a heavy influx of English burglars, pickpockets, fancy men and bruisers which he kindly sends over to instruct and civilize us. Luckily for the honour of England, all Englishmen are not like the editor of the *Saturday Review*, and at the same time that he is talking about the 'scum of American public matters,' one of the greatest and most popular statesmen of England, returning from a tour in the United States, holds up our political system to his constituency, and to the British public, as a model of imitation in its most important features."

America is a great nation. And America certainly knows it.

THE NEW BRONZE COINAGE.—This subject naturally excites much attention and interest; there is also a call for some great improvement in the designs of our coinage; but it appears to me that one very important point is not taken into consideration, which is, the space, or breadth of field there will be on the intended new coinage. The present has the pound weight of copper divided into twenty-six pennies. The new is to have this pound cut into forty-five pennies; consequently, the new penny will be very little larger than the present halfpenny, with the halfpenny and farthing proportionably reduced in their sizes. The clear space between the letters on our present halfpenny gives only a diameter of seven and a-half eighths of an inch. The limited area of the new penny can only be occupied effectively by one figure, and this much less so on the halfpenny and farthing, and if I am correct in this opinion I do not apprehend we can do better than retain a Britannia, but clearly indicating our insular empire by having her placed on a rock surrounded by the sea, and our mercantile greatness by ships, inwards and outwards; Boulton gave us this appropriate symbolism on the copper coinages at Soho, in 1797 and 1799, which has been lost sight of on Tower Hill. The Britannia on our present penny, in graceful ease and classical beauty of arrangement competes with any single figure I have ever seen on the Greek or Roman series. The portrait of Her Majesty on the obverse, is of very high excellence, preserving a pleasing resemblance; combining the dignity of a queen and the quiet simplicity of a woman, while the strength and delicacy of the engraving place this bust in the first rank of art; as a whole I do not think this coin has its equal in any mint in Europe. The second bust of Her Majesty, on the five-sovereign piece, is even superior to this of the penny; and the idealised portrait of the Queen, on the Gothic crown of 1847, for beauty, grace, and dignity, may well challenge all the world, modern and ancient. Reducing the copper coinage so seriously below its intrinsic value, seems hazardous, as opening such a field for profitable counterfeiting. I never saw a forgery of Boulton's heavy coinages, but we are inundated with those of the last three reigns. However, I suppose our Mint authorities have given this subject due consideration, and they ought to know best. The Greek coinage was symbolical; the Roman symbolical and historical. I have always strongly advocated our coinage following the Roman system. While Mr. Labouchere was Master of the Mint I found myself at a friend's dinner-table next to him, and I availed myself of the chance in the course of the evening to draw his attention to this; but Mr. Labouchere said, we were a nation too divided in politics to allow such a system to be carried out. As the new noble lord has always been a very distinguished party man, I was silenced, though, I confess, not convinced. In 1844, I obtained from the mint at Munich a series of thirty-one silver

coins, of Louis the then King of Bavaria, extending from the 13th October, 1825, when he ascended the throne, to the 12th October, 1842, which last coin records the marriage of the Crown Prince, now King of Bavaria. These coins are an inch and a-half in diameter, and all the reverses are historical or symbolical. On Mr. Labouchere's theory, there are, therefore, neither parties nor politics in Bavaria! Much want of information seems to exist with the public, as to the time and labour requisite to bring out such a coinage as is now contemplated. One writer appears to think we should have issued on the 1st January, 1860. Government state that the copper coins in circulation represent a value of eight hundred thousand pounds, which is to be entirely withdrawn and replaced by the new coinage. Supposing the mint strikes coins representing two hundred thousand pounds in pennies, five hundred and fifty thousand pounds in halfpence, and fifty thousand pounds in farthings, the number of coins to be struck will be *three hundred and sixty millions*, viz.:

£200,000 in pence, 240 to the £.	48,000,000 coins.
550,000 in halfpence, 480 to the £.	264,000,000 "
50,000 in farthings, 960 to the £.	48,000,000 "
£800,000 represented by	380,000,000 "

Referring back to the great coinage of silver in the latter part of the reign of George III., we have the evidence of Sir Jasper Atkinson, one of the moneymen, as to what was effected at the Mint by eight coining presses:—"From the 5th June, 1816, to the 4th March, 1817, which was nine months, we manufactured the enormous number of 57,960,936 pieces, making in value 2,745,686*l.*; total per day, 247,696 pieces; at each press, 30,962." (From "Report on the Royal Mint, 30th June, 1837, page 133.") R. S.

The London and Middlesex Archaeological Society had a large gathering of its members and friends at Harrow-on-the-Hill, on Thursday last, the Meeting being held in the Speech Room of Harrow School. There were, of course, the *contretemps* that usually befall archaeological meetings. The card of invitation named "12, noon," as the hour of meeting; but the chair was not taken till 2 in the afternoon. The President of the Society sent an excuse for non-attendance. The Head-Master of Harrow School, who was to have presided, was too unwell to be at his post. Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A., whose paper on Harrow church was to have been the leading feature, forwarded in its stead a telegraphic message. One of the masters of Harrow, who was to have given a local precis, "had nothing to say on any subject." However, the day was fine, and the company were in a humour to be pleased. The Vicar of Harrow (the Rev. J. W. Cunningham) made an excellent chairman, and the meeting passed off very agreeably. The first paper was a "Sketch of the History of Harrow," by the Rev. T. Hugo, in which was included extracts from the churchwardens' accounts of a much older date than those given by Lysons. The Secretary then read some "Notes on Harrow Parish Registers," by Mr. W. Durrant Cooper. These registers, it was stated, are complete from the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth—and extend back, therefore, further than those of most parishes; and they exhibit the continuance in the parish of many families through a long series of years. Reference was particularly made to the fortunes of the Bellamys, in whose house, at Harrow, Babington, who was executed for conspiring against Elizabeth, was captured; one of the younger Bellamys being also executed for harbouring him, while an elder brother destroyed himself in prison. The registers afford no evidence that John Lyon, the founder of Harrow School, was a native of Harrow; his grave, however, is in the church, and his brass received due notice afterwards. Mr. Taylor gave a *résumé* of a paper by Mr. Niblett, on a very beautiful though much mutilated brass, in the chancel of Harrow Church, of John Byrkhed, Rector of Harrow, who died in 1418. A very elegant ivory chalice was then exhibited by Mr. Oxenham, as that from which Archbishop Laud received the communion immediately before his execution. It

was given, he stated, by the Archbishop to Mr. Hearn, who defended him at his trial and accompanied him to the scaffold. Hearn's daughter married Mr. Page of Wembly (by Harrow) and the chalice has ever since been preserved with religious care by the family; it is now the property of Mr. Young, the representative of the Pages of Wembly. Attention was directed by Mr. Bailly to a brass which had been lately discovered loose in Harrow Church, and which was remarkable (though several similar instances have been met with) for having been engraved on the back of a much older brass. It has in fact been made up from two older brasses of Flemish workmanship, apparently of the middle of the fourteenth century, and quite unworn; the later brass being of the last half of the sixteenth century.

The papers being read, new members elected, and the usual routine business transacted, the company adjourned to the statute room to examine the archaeological knickknackeries, brass rubbings, &c., which had been brought together; to the old school-room to spell out the names of Byron, Peel, William Jones (the orientalist), Temple (Lord Palmerston), and other notabilities of the past and present day; to the church to look at the brasses and other monuments, and to admire Mr. Scott's skilful restorations; to the churchyard to gaze at "Byron's tombstone" and the prospect from it; to the new chapel, one of the most graceful of Mr. Scott's gothic imaginings, with its magnificent series of memorial windows, and finally a goodly number wound up the business of the day by joining in the Society's dinner at the King's Arms.

A local "Shaksperian Society" is capable of setting a good example, and this is instanced in the Manchester Association, the members of which, on Monday last, presented a donation of 10*l.* to St. Mary's Hospital, Manchester, being the net proceeds of a performance given last month.

ON THE RETURN OF THE "FOX" YACHT, CAPTAIN MCCLINTOCK, R.N., SEPTEMBER, 1859.

By polar seas, on lone King William's isle,
Where gracious Summer ne'er was known to smile;
Where nought is heard, along the mournful shore,
Save grinding ice, or falling iceberg's roar;
Nor aught of holy life draws loving breath,
But Nature slumbers on the throne of Death;
There—without wife or kindred at his side,
But ripe in years and honours, FRANKLIN died!

Much had he nobly done in earlier years,
With Parry, Lyon, Ross, his brave compeers,
To burst the bonds of Boreas' icy reign,
And solve the problem of the Arctic main;
And when in age, but hero to the last,
He flung once more his banner to the blast,
And boldly launch'd, he and his gallant crew,
To prove, what man conceived of man could do;
How many anxious hearts pursued his way—
How many ardent prayers, by night and day,
From either hemisphere, besieged Heaven's gate,
In supplication for a man so good and great!
And when, alas! the shadows sank upon
His distant path, and Hope scarce struggled on;
When, spite of searches, o'er and o'er again
Essay'd by kin and stranger, all in vain,
No answer came, but year on year went by,
Leaving his fate still in uncertainty;
Who shall describe th' alternate hopes and fears,
The agony confused of prayers and tears,
The throbbing pulse, the fever of the soul,
That followed each fresh venture to its goal?
Still, all was dark—the oracle was dumb—
No voice broke through, no ray relieved the gloom;
The pall unlifted hung; the hand of God seemed,
As in jealousy, to bar the road,
And write, as on the wall at Babylon,
"Seek not to know what I will not have known;
Retire in peace; respect My mystery;
The lives ye cherish are at rest with Me!"
—So spoke the tacit conscience—and the heart
Instinctive answer'd—it had done its part;
Man acquiesced from effort and from prayer;
All had been done that man might do, or dare,
And the two worlds desisted, in despair.

Who then, in sorrow's last extremity,
When man's strong heart had fail'd him, and each eye
Turn'd from the task away—when Franklin's name
Had pass'd from living lips to hist'ry's fame—
Who then, when naught remain'd save to pluck forth
From Time's grim jaws the secret of the North,
Force from the grave the all that she could say,
The when, the how, his spirit pass'd away—

Who still endured, unflinching, in the strife,
And won the prize? A woman, and his wife!
—Sad prize, but priceless in the tale it brought,—
That Franklin died not, as the world had thought,
In agony, by inches, and in grief,
Grief for his comrades, hopeless of relief;
But peacefully and Christianly he died,
His hearts of oak attendant at his side;
Not hopeless of the future, trusting still
His great empire to God's almighty will,—
Died, as a gallant tar would fain die, even
On board his ship, his sails set straight for heaven,—
That heaven in which, untroubled and serene,
His sure and lifelong hope had anchor'd been,—
That port where soon, thy long-drawn anguish past,
Thou too, sad spouse, shalt furl thy sails at last,
Through the still waters gently onward gliding,
And calmly anchor by thy husband's side!
—Oh woman, woman! strong in earnestness,
Wise in endurance, patient in distress,
Hoping 'gainst hope in all things with a faith
That man may not attain to, strong as death—
A faith, hope, strength, and wisdom not thine own—
How oft thy meek endurance wins the crown!

But who, of England's champions of the sea,
Stepp'd forth, her last-born sons of chivalry,
At the lone woman's summons? Henceforth, Fame,
Do fitting honour to M'CLINTOCK'S name!
Others had ta'en the same high vows before,
All had won glory in that holy war;
But Fate reserved for him the foremost place,
Latest to start, yet conqueror in the race.
Behold the fearless little crew depart,
Hope at the prow, and promise in each heart,
A gallant twenty-three as e'er set sail
To tempt the terrors of the Arctic gale;
They stem the waves, they near the fatal strand,
They learn the secret of that death-struck land,
And home return rejoicing, though distrust,
To soothe the widow's anxious heart to rest.

But what of those, the comrades of the chief,
Not less the son's, the sire's, the mother's grief—
What of Fitzjames and Crozier? What of all
That band of heroes? Shall the curtain fall,
And leave that first of days'ry? Who shall tell
The last sad hours of those we loved so well?
—Forth from the wreck, in order to the last,
But weak and worn with pain and want, they pass'd
Into the icy wilderness; but, one
By one, they dropp'd, and without cry or groan
Yielded the ghost. Attendant angels sung
Their requiem, and received their souls among
The blissful host. A glory, as of God,
Lighted them on their melancholy road;
And the pale horrors of the desert smiled,
Like a fond mother o'er a slumbering child.
Sweet words of home and friends, and church-going
bells,
Rang in their ears, and tenderest farewells,
Heard without pain. And so death's gates were riven,
And peacefully they slept, to wake in heaven.

They died in honour, on their duty's path,
In humble hope, and charity, and faith,
'Fore God and man—died, as brave men should do,
Foot in advance, and face towards the foe—
Welcoming death with countenance serene,
True servants to Old England and the Queen.

Say not such noble hearts were spent in vain;
Grudge not the mother's tear, the widow's pain.—
The strife was noble—'twas their country's cause,
For cent'rick vow'd to track the hidden laws
Of Arctic life; at first, to find a way
(Such was the early dream) to far Cathay;
Then, to complete the tale of science won
By Davis, Hudson—each adventurous son
Of the old Island. All have ended well—
These last not least—and so we ring their knell.

What though the quest was objectless of wealth,
Let not their flame be stinted, as a stealth
Of honour due to men whose scale-like eyes
Weigh by its profit every enterprise.
Credit the purse with all that is its due;
'Tis well that men should fight for honour too.
God's better gifts are priceless. Truth be told,
All is not dross that glitters not with gold.

[Contrary to our general rule, we insert the above poem; its intrinsic merit will command notice, and were we at liberty to give the name of its author, we feel sure it would enhance the interest which the subject will certainly excite.]

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, October 5th.

Nothing can exceed the wrath of French politicians at Lord John Russell's Aberdeen speech. They are up in arms at the notion of British influence, and it would seem that to ascribe to us the possibility of holding up a light to the rest of the world, and teaching other nations anything, is to affront and fly in the face of the entire race of the sons of Gaul. To this has it come! As to the subject upon which there are likely to be two different opinions in France and England—namely Italy—I fancy that, if all were told, the comical as well as the dramatic element would find its

account therein. I have some reason to believe that if Prince Poniatowski would, or could, say all that relates to his mission of "conciliation" to Florence, certain parts of it would furnish no insignificant scenes of "genteel" or "high" comedy. I have it from an eye-witness, that anything more ludicrously embarrassed than the position of the French legation, to begin with, and that of the envoys, Messrs. de Reiset and Poniatowski, to end by, can scarcely be conceived. From the hour when the long article of the 9th of last month (set forth to please Austria) came out in the *Moniteur*, the Florentines and Modenese flatly declared it did not contain Louis Napoleon's true view of the state of affairs in Italy, and they persisted in following the exactly contrary line of conduct to that "recommended" to them in that curious document. This was perhaps the cleverest thing they could imagine, but it must be allowed that it fell hard upon the "conciliatory" Envoys.

When Prince Poniatowski assured the Florence depositories of government that they must end by taking back their old sovereigns, he was met by smiling faces and polite presences; and the satesmen who received him plunged into learned disquisitions on music, persisted in it that he was a *grandissimo* maestro, whose works would be crowned with glory on every stage in Europe—but of politics he found it difficult to hear anything—or, when he forced his interlocutors into a diplomatic conversation, he was positively assured that the policy he was representing was Count Walewski's, not the Emperor's; and it was declared that documents, written proofs of this, could be produced! I again say I have latterly heard in such detail the amusing account given of all this by an eye-witness, that I cannot hesitate to think, as I said at first, that the whole savours marvellously of the *vis comica*. However, as things now stand, and Louis Napoleon repeating in the *Moniteur* that he means to uphold the "Treaty of Villafranca," it is not difficult to understand the vexation people here may feel at Lord John Russell's words at Aberdeen.

You may, perhaps, have heard from time to time of extraordinary associations formed in this strange country, and above all, in this strange capital. One of these, the "Association of the Thirteen," as it was called, formed the basis of a collection of Balzac's novels, entitled the "*Plots of the Thirteen*." Amongst them was the famous story of the Duchesse de Langeais, that made such a European sensation. These "Thirteen" of the famous romance writers were simply thirteen young men, who agreed to make up a close society, inaccessible to everyone but themselves, and whose object was to exhaust all the pleasures and emotions of existence. Balzac's invention was not founded on fact, but his invention was imitated in reality, and more than one would-be diabolical association of young "lions" and dandies was instituted in honour of *les Treize*. A wild lot of scapegraces they were assuredly, but nothing like so amusing as their prototypes.

Well, this mania for out-of-the-way associations has gone on, and four or five winters back there shot up one, for—of all things in the world—"the preservation of blondes!" The true "blond" hair and complexion was held to be so very charming and rare (as it is no doubt in France), that it was proposed to award prizes to remarkable specimens of the kind, to portion off eligible young blondes who aspired to the wedded state, to educate flaxen-haired female children, and a great many more absurdities. Next in rank and in succession of time came the ladies' club at Baden-Baden, founded last year by a collection of French and Russian ladies, and intended to be continued in this city during the winter months. But, last of all, there has now sprung up an association which is the most eccentric of any, but which is actually in full force at this identical moment. It is a species of female free-masonry, a sort of lay chanoinesse-ship which requires from its members that they shall never marry. It is denominated the "Association of Inconsovable Widows." The president of the association is a very handsome well-born gentlewoman, still young, very rich, but

who will not hear of conferring her fair hand on any Benedict of all the tribe. She has put a château of hers, not very distant from Paris, at the disposition of her friends, and the association has met there already several times. As the members of this club put, I presume, some pretty strong doses of self-love into the matter, we shall perhaps never have any revelations upon their mode of habitual life; but it would be interesting enough to know if a society of ladies can get on in good harmony and without any unpleasant manifestations of that jealousy which their male detractors affirm must in the end always keep them from any permanent union.

One thing is certain, namely, that the women of this country are slowly, but surely, altering their old habits and ways. In the first place, girls are getting to be a little less of mere mechanical, subservient, yea-nay personages than they had used to be; and, in the next, women are taking much more to masculine amusements than they ever did before. France counts among her sportsmen some really very good female shots, Marshal Castellane's daughter, widow of the late Prussian minister, Count de Hatzfeldt, is one, and I could name two or three others; but this year, at the various watering-places, the sporting mania has been observed to be in the ascendant. One lady in the Pyrenees walked over ten leagues of road, hill, and field, and brought home twelve or fifteen head of game; at least, so it is stated by competent authority.

On Saturday last the Théâtre Italien opened its doors once more to the public, which is in this town tantamount to the opening of the winter season. There is a curious public assembled upon these occasions, and the boxes and stalls look as though they were being filled by persons sent to keep the real owners' places; nevertheless, it is a fact that the "winter season" has begun, as much as the "shooting season" was on the 1st of September, even in places where neither hare nor partridge had made its appearance. I can't say that the opening representation was anything very brilliant—the singers sang as they always will do—carelessly, before such an audience. The *Traviata* seemed worn out, Mdlme. Penco was lazy and gave but half her voice, Gardoni did not at all come up to his own excellence at Covent Garden in the *Pardon de Plœrmel*, and Graziani was heavier and a little more stupid than usual, always, however, counting out every note of his magnificent voice with the greatest possible conscientiousness.

The mention of the *Pardon de Plœrmel* recalls to my mind a curious fact in the history of musical editorship, showing how perfectly true the *habens sua fuit* principle is applied to every species of book without there being any assignable reason; therefore it is quite certain that rarely has a musical work sold, and gone on selling, as has this same *Pardon*. In the first week of its sale it reached fabulous figures, but this is more or less the case with the first outset of every work by a great master. But the persistence of the sale is something really curious, and surpasses all Meyerbeer's other and grander operas, except the *Huguenots*. Now, there is no apparent reason for this, for the music of the *Pardon* is not by any means more adapted to private amateur performance than is that of the author's other works, nor has the success of the piece (though very great) been greater, for instance, than that of the *Prophète*, or the *Etoile du Nord*. Yet, the way in which the pianoforte copies of the new opera are carried off wholesale is quite marvellous, and a month ago upwards of 40,000 copies had been disposed of.

This sort of thing very often takes place in Paris for books. M. de Lamartine's "*Girondins*," or M. Thiers's "*Consulate*," reaches, I fancy, far beyond this, but in the way of music I do not believe such a thing was ever heard of before.

A sale which bids fair to be tremendous is that of Victor Hugo's new work, "*La Légende des Siècles*." As with his last poems, "*Les Contemplations*," there are many immense defects, but some of the finest and most genuine poetry of the age is also contained in them. The one thing

which Hugo will probably never surpass is the little volume entitled "*Les Châtiments*;" but then the subject was a very special and peculiar one, and as was said here by those who dared speak of the book: "6000 lines of invective were monotonous in the end." From this reproach the present volumes are free, as were the "*Contemplations*" but the defects of obscurity and metaphysical vagueness, carried to outrageous excess, may also be found in the "*Légende des Siècles*" as in its precursor.

People are beginning somewhat to get over their inordinate excitement concerning the child that was stolen the other day from the Gardens of the Tuileries, and found again at Orleans; but I hardly ever remember to have seen such a sensation produced by any merely private event. Crowds used to assemble in the street in which M. and Mme. Hua (the father and mother of the infant) lived; and one day no less than twenty-three applications were addressed to the parents for objects having touched or belonged to the little creature, in order that such objects might be submitted to the investigation of somnambulists. The whole affair remains after all a kind of mystery, for the girl who purloined the child, and who had gone up from Orleans to Paris with the intent to steal any male child, seems to have been in an unaccountable way familiar with all the particulars relative to the "birth and parentage" of just this one individual child.

Strange to say, this story of M. and Mme. Hua's infant is by no means an isolated one; and in this enlightened nineteenth century, and in this town, the affair can be matched by many another, in which, alas! the termination has been less congenial to the hopes and wishes of the parents. Child-stealing is a common crime in France; and the Tuileries, within the last twenty years even, could probably bear witness to many more cases of kidnapping than we can have any notion of.

There are no end of reports as to whom the French Court is preparing to receive at Fontainebleau and Compiègne. Some say it is to be the Emperor of Austria, others, the Czar, and others again, the Pope. I should not be surprised if it were none of the three. Francis Joseph is not undesirous of coming, but the majority of his subjects would never forgive him if he did come. Alexander II. has hitherto resisted all the attempts to bring him on a visit to Napoleon III.; and I imagine the Holy Father will do anything rather than let himself be "encaged" by his dear ally, though apartments have been prepared for him at Fontainebleau ever since the month of March.

SCIENTIFIC.

ATMOSPHERIC REFRACTION.—Of all celestial phenomena, the most imposing and the most interesting are undoubtedly those connected with eclipses of the sun. By their aid we are enabled to fix the longitude of places on the earth more surely than by any other means at our disposal; they help us also to ascertain the earth's distance from the sun, and the constitution of the solar globe itself. Notwithstanding the great importance of eclipses, their value has been hitherto much diminished by a certain want of agreement of the phenomena observed with the calculations of the most competent astronomers. The moment when the eclipse becomes total, as well as the places over which the shadow passes, and the duration of obscurity, all commonly differ, in a most provoking manner, from what theory would seem to indicate. On this subject, M. Liais has written a letter to the Astronomer Royal, in which he points out a source of error which had hitherto escaped the researches of the most distinguished astronomers. The law by which a ray of light passing obliquely from a rare into a denser medium is deflected from its path so as to enter the dense body less obliquely than it could have done by pursuing a straight course, is well known to hold good with respect to atmospheric strata of different density. This refraction causes the heavenly bodies to appear higher up in the sky than they really are; and the denser the

atmosphere, and the nearer the luminary is to the horizon, the more will this effect be apparent. This refraction M. Liais calls the regular refraction; but besides this, there exists an abnormal refraction, which takes place only on occasions of eclipses of the sun. It will be readily understood that the sun's rays being cut off from a portion of the earth by the interposition of the moon, the temperature decreases, and the strata of the atmosphere becomes denser over the place where the moon's shadow falls; thus a cone of comparatively dense air, surrounded by that which is expanded by the sun's heat, is created, which will cause a variation in the refraction of the solar rays. The tendency of this refraction will evidently be to diminish the extent of ground covered as well by the umbra as the penumbra, and to make the eclipse at any given point to commence later and end sooner, in other words, to be shorter, than previous calculation would indicate, if this abnormal refraction had not been taken into account. The amount of these refractions, depending as they do on the height of the sun and on variations in the atmospheric density from a variety of causes, can never be calculated beforehand, but the necessary data can easily be obtained as the moment of eclipse approaches, by which to make the necessary corrections. Besides alterations in the apparent position and duration of the eclipse, these refractions produce several remarkable phenomena which are only to be observed during a total solar eclipse; of these the peculiar blood-red colour of the moon may be mentioned as well as the apparent projection of the red flames, of which we know so little, upon the moon's disc during the eclipse of 1842. Again slight irregularities in the refraction of different portions of the sun's edge may tend towards the production of what are known as Bailey's beads, which have been frequently observed in cases where it is difficult to suppose the existence of lunar mountains to have caused them. M. Liais proposes, with a view to correcting errors in the determination of longitudes by eclipses, that the different phases of the phenomenon, as well before as after the moment of total obscurity, be photographed, and the least distance of the centres at the place of observation calculated from the variation of the angle of position of the cusps. The intersection of the line between the centres to be determined by calculation, together with the latitude of the place of observation, will give the longitude independently of these abnormal refractions.

ACOUSTICS.—Last week we reproduced the substance of a paper on the "Theory of Light;" we now enter on a subject to which light offers many points of analogy: we refer to sound. If light be considered to be the result of vibrations excited in a fluid, sound is also undoubtedly produced in a similar manner, since the atmosphere is caused to vibrate by every concussion and vibration in the objects it surrounds. There is a consequent analogy between the laws which govern the phenomena of light and those which govern sound and musical tones. Thus sound as well as light is reflected by striking against a smooth surface, it is also refracted by passing obliquely from one medium to another, and they are therefore both capable of concentration, as well by means of lenses as of mirrors. M. l'abbé Moigno read a paper before the British Association, describing a new method of reproducing the human voice and other sounds in such a manner as to be visible to the eye. The instrument by which this is effected is called the Phonautograph; it is the invention of a young Frenchman, M. E. L. Scott. The Phonautograph consists of a tube, enlarged at one end in the same manner as a trumpet, in order to concentrate the sounds, which are conveyed through it to a thin membrane tightly strained over the other end of the instrument. This membrane carries affixed to it an excessively light style or pencil, which is put in motion by every vibration produced by the action of the air upon the membrane. Behind this style a band of paper, covered with lamp-black, is unrolled by clock-work; and as this band passes along, the point of the style traces upon the lamp-black all the curvilinear and rectilinear movements origin-

ating in the vibrations of the membrane, and thus it produces in its own peculiar characters a faithful reproduction of the sound. This true phonetic writing is constant for every tone, and varies in the size of the markings in proportion to the greater or less intensity of the sound. Musical sounds produce vibrations of a regularity proportioned to their degree of harmony, and every instrument has its own peculiar character, as distinguishable by the eye as its quality of tone is by the ear. The human voice offers certain difficulties at present; but there is little doubt that eventually the Phonautograph will be made capable of superseding every species of stenography, and not only the words, but the very tones of our talented speakers and actors will, by its aid, be registered for future generations. The science of acoustics has received at the hands of M. Scott a means of development of which we can form no idea at present. We can only compare his invention to that of M. Dauguerre, which, in its infancy, was treated as a mere toy, but which has now become one of our most valuable scientific instruments of observation. Another invention, by a different person, will also prove of great service in the advancement of acoustics; we allude to the differential stethoscope, which performs the same office for the ear that the stereoscope has already performed for the eye. By its aid several important discoveries have already been made, which will prove of vast importance in surgery by enabling the medical man to detect the exact seat of every abnormal sound in the body, so as to regulate his treatment more surely in accordance with the peculiar situation occupied by the disease.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—A very useful map has just been published by Mr. Wyld, which gives the route followed by Captain M'Clintock in the pursuit of his search for Sir John Franklin along the northern coast of America. Without a map of the Polar regions, it is impossible to form a correct idea of the coast line of the numerous islands and sounds which lie scattered in such irregularity within the Arctic circle. The *Erebus* and *Terror* were in the middle of Baffin's Bay when last seen in July, 1845; from this point they are supposed to have proceeded in a westerly direction along Barrow Strait, and then, after turning to the north, up Wellington Channel, and returning south to Beechey Island, to have wintered there. Thence, proceeding towards the south, along the western coast of Boothia Felix, the expedition was beset with ice on the 12th September, 1846, a little to the north of King William's Island. The ships were frozen in the whole of the ensuing summer, and, after eighteen months' imprisonment, during which time the vessels had drifted a few miles to the southward, they were abandoned on the 22nd of April, 1848. It was on the 11th of June, 1847, that Sir John Franklin expired, and it is gratifying to know that his last moments were surrounded with all the attention which the sympathy of his brave companions could suggest. Mr. Wyld's map gives the route pursued, as well by the *Erebus* and *Terror* as by M'Clintock, Hobson, and Young, in the expedition which has at length proved so successful.

FINE ARTS.

PHOTOGRAPHY AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

WE have to bring before our readers a new feature in the management of our National Art-Institutions. It consists, in a word, in the supplying to the art-student, and to the public at large, fac-similes of the finest drawings, and accurate reductions of some of the noblest works in the National and Royal Collections, at the mere price of the materials. The Reproductive Room, as it is called, where these reproductions are exhibited, and on sale, was opened on Monday last, at the South Kensington Museum.

For a long while past, photography has been extensively practised at the South Kensington Schools of Art. From taking negatives of the principal objects in the Museum of Ornamental Art, and instructing the Sappers of the Royal

Engineers, the authorities advanced to work of a higher order. They were fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Thurston Thompson as principal photographer, a gentleman who, already well known as one of our ablest engravers on wood, had given himself up to the practice of photography, and distinguished himself by a rare talent of reproducing by its means the most perfect fac-similes of drawings by the old masters. In this line it was resolved to work. Raffaele was the master specially chosen for operating upon. Paintings but indifferently respond to the efforts of the photographer. Colours are capricious things; and although there is much that is delightful and instructive in a good photograph from an oil-painting, it requires an educated eye to read aright its somewhat misleading renderings. Very judiciously, therefore, it was decided to take the drawings of Raffaele as most adapted to the requirements of students in the Schools of Art (for whose benefit the copies were in the first instance made), and the Cartoons which, drawn in chiaroscuro and only thinly washed with colours, seemed to present greater facilities than his oil-paintings. This was done. The Cartoons were successfully taken; negatives were obtained of the choicest Raffaele drawings in the Louvre; the Prince Consort supplied negatives of those in the Royal Library at Windsor; permission was readily granted by the University to take photographs of the famous Oxford collection; and other collections were laid open. It was soon felt that in the enjoyment of these treasures, produced mainly at the public cost, the public ought to share. At first, there was a very natural disinclination against seeming to enter into competition with private enterprise. That a government institution supported by public funds ought not to engage in commercial rivalry is seldom denied. But, then, neither is it denied that the production by public offices of works of admitted value, but which from inherent difficulties, or their unremunerative character, would be unlikely to be produced by private agency, is not merely legitimate but most desirable. And such it was evident was eminently the case here. The works photographed were, for the most part, public property, and they were of a class which were not likely to be reproduced by the usual publishing houses; or if reproduced it could only be at a rate of publication which would place them quite beyond the means of the public generally. Judging from the prices affixed to the specimens shown at the Photographic Society's last exhibition, it would seem that, when it was decided to offer these photographs for sale, it was at first intended that they should be charged about the ordinary publishing price. But happily better counsels prevailed. It was seen that it was only just that the public, who had in effect already paid for the production of the negatives, should have copies issued to them at the mere cost of paper and printing. The whole arrangements were accordingly placed in the hands of Mr. George Wallis, already well-known as an able and energetic labourer in the extension and popularisation of art, and we have the results before us.

The cheapness of these photographs is indeed marvellous. What would but a little while back have been said to copies of the whole of the cartoons, mathematically correct, though on a small scale being obtainable for less than 4s.? The Council have in fact adopted a uniform tariff at the rate of 5d. for 40 square inches, and half that amount for every additional 20 inches. The photographs are issued unmounted, which may cause a little trouble, but will produce no material inconvenience, where a little dexterity is used with a little dexterity—but, among the unpractised sad havoc will, we fear, be made in the mounting. It is announced that "the agent will give every information on the subject of mounting," but we would suggest the propriety of printing brief but clear directions for mounting in the next edition of the list of subjects, and pointing out, that the "fading" of photographs is often caused by the injudicious or excessive use of paste, &c., for that purpose.

We may now turn to the photographs themselves.

First in rank—and alone forming almost an exhibition—are the Cartoons. Till the Cartoons were photographed, it is not too much to say that those glorious works were never properly placed before the student. Even in the gallery constructed for them, the height at which they were hung, and the awkward lighting of the room, rendered their examination difficult; while the engravings from them, whether elaborately finished as those of Holloway, or rough and black as those of Burnet, afforded but a dim and shallow image of the divine originals. By simply lowering them to a level with the eye, the originals, thanks to those who have now the supervision of the Royal collections, can be very fairly seen by those who can take a journey to Hampton Court for the purpose. But with these larger photographs the student may literally study these great works at home, and at his leisure, to as much purpose as though the works were themselves before him,—with as perfect assurance, that is, of their entire accuracy, and from their large scale, with quite as clear a perception of their breadth of style and general treatment, their grandeur, their delicacy, and their refinement of expression and even of their peculiar handling. As we said when noticing the earliest specimens exhibited of Mr. Thurston Thompson's largest photographs of the cartoons, along with those of Messrs. Caldesi and Montecchi on a similar scale (*LITERARY GAZETTE*, Jan. 15), "Every line of the picture is faithfully presented; and, though the colour is necessarily rendered by equivalents not always corresponding in depth to the original, the general effect is preserved unimpaired; while those who are curious to see how far photographic imitation will reach—and it is a very proper matter of curiosity—will not fail to notice, that every join, and crease, and crack, and wrinkle in the cartoon is copied with its own light and shadow, so exactly as almost to leave the observer uncertain whether it be not a real join or crease in the paper he is examining." Of course all this imitation of the peculiar surface of the paper on which the Cartoons are drawn, and the accidents that have befallen it, is in itself valueless; but it is of essential value when it is regarded as an evidence of the unselecting fidelity with which every line and touch is given, whether it was produced by the hand of the master, or the finger of the destroyer. And, happily, whilst these large photographs show too plainly the mischiefs wrought by time, they, as it were, bring out with even more marvellous force, the innate grandeur of thought, the majesty, and the loveliness, not always readily caught in looking at the faded originals, and non-existent in the engravings.

The average size of the largest series is 48 inches by 30—the same as near as may be of those taken by Caldesi and Montecchi. It is unnecessary to institute a comparison between the two series. As much as seemed called for was said on that head in the article already cited. But, by way of illustrating the remarkable cheapness of these, we may mention that they are sold separately at a price varying from 12s. 11d. to 15s. 10d., while the former were charged two guineas and a-half each: the set published by Colnaghi costing 18l. 7s. 6d., while these may be purchased for something under 5l. Besides this largest size, there are four other series; one averaging 31 inches by 21, and costing from 5s. 10d. to 6s. 8d. each; one averaging 23 inches by 15, and costing 2s. 8d. to 3s. 6d. each; one averaging 15 inches by 11, and costing 1s. 8d. each; and another averaging 8 inches by 5, and costing, as we said before, less than 4s. for the whole set.

For the art-student none of these smaller ones can compare with the first series; but for general use it is otherwise. The third and fourth, for example, whilst they are more convenient for framing, have also a more 'finished' look to the ordinary eye; and even the smallest, admirably fitted as they are for inserting in a book, are remarkably instructive as well as elegant. Some may think little of all this, but to us it seems to be a great step towards the popularisation of really high

and pure art, when as here the entire Cartoons of Raffaele,—by common consent not only the noblest of that great painter's works, but among the very finest productions of the pencil,—are placed within easy reach of persons of every class.

But besides the complete pictures there are some forty studies, on a greatly enlarged scale of particular heads or groups from each of the cartoons—some of them almost as large as the corresponding parts of the originals. We cannot dwell on these, but we may just refer, as illustrating the way in which they show the variety and subtlety of the great painter's powers, to the sublime head of the Saviour (29) from the 'Charge to Peter,' and the exquisitely beautiful woman and child, with the contrasted head of the cripple (73) from the 'Beautiful Gate,' heads that cannot be studied too carefully by the young painter, and which probably never looked so impressive or so beautiful in their proper places in connection with the remaining figures of the cartoons, as thus insulated. Several of the other studies are, however, nearly if not quite equal to these; and almost all of them are of first-rate excellence as photographs.

Next in importance are the photographs from the original drawings by Raffaele, in the Museum of the Louvre. These include first thoughts and finished studies, of several of his principal paintings, or particular figures and groups to be introduced into some one or other of them, as well as drawings from male and female models. In all, there are thirty-three of these actual fac-similes of the choicest gems of the Louvre collection, and the whole may be purchased for something under 30s., or, separately, for a few pence each. Assuredly, we need not envy the collector now-a-days!

The photographs from the unrivalled Oxford drawings by Raffaele and Michel Angelo (289 in number) are not yet ready for distribution, but they will shortly be added to the collection. So, also, will copies of the fine original drawings by Raffaele in the Royal Library, at Windsor. Photographs of these last have been taken at the expense of the Prince Consort, who has very liberally presented the negatives to the Science and Art Department for public use, so that soon, at the cost of a few pence, any one of these treasures of the royal collection may grace the parlour of the humblest mechanic. But the South Kensington folk aim at even more than all this. They "intend to procure, if possible, photographs from all the original drawings and cartoons of Raffaele and Michel Angelo, known to be in this country, and to issue them for public use;" and they appeal to private possessors of original drawings by those masters to aid them in their good work.

Some of our readers may be aware—it is far from being generally known—that photographs (125 in all) have been made by Mr. Roger Fenton from the finest drawings, one or two of the rarest engravings, and some of the most noble pieces of sculpture in the British Museum, and that these have been purchasable at the Museum. We believe their sale has not been very extensive, mainly no doubt owing to the fact of their being for sale being generally unknown, but, also probably from the price placed on them being about the same as that commonly charged by publishers for photographs of the same size. This is, however, altered now. The negatives have been transferred to South Kensington, and the British Museum photographs may now be purchased at the same rate as those already described. At the British Museum the price was uniformly 3s. 6d.; now it varies according to size from 5d. to 20d. You see for example among the many delightful drawings and engravings, now so admirably arranged by Mr. Carpenter in the centre of the King's Library at the British Museum, that exquisite drawing of the 'Entombment,' by Raffaele, and think how much you should enjoy being able to call it your own; well, here at South Kensington, you may find the very counterpart of it—place them side by side, you would be puzzled to tell the original—and that counterpart may be yours for 15d. Again, at the British Museum you see a singularly choice and rare little engraving, by Marc Antonio Ramondi, of Raf-

faulle's 'Lucretia': lordly collectors would hurry to give pounds for another such a copy—you may procure a fac-simile at the Reproduction Room for the piteous sum of 74d. But perhaps your fancy leans rather towards Rembrandt's etchings. If so, you cannot fail to linger admiringly at No. 4 screen at the British Museum, before what is described in the Catalogue as, "217. Rembrandt von Rhyn: a Portrait of Ephraim Bonus, an eminent Jewish Physician of Amsterdam. 1st state, with the black ring, only three other impressions being known." Nothing is more certain than that one of these four impressions is beyond your reach, for their possessors guard them as the very apple of their eye. But walk over to South Kensington, and the equivalent of a franc will make one every whit as admirable your own. Further, you may procure photographs of the marbles at the same rate as of the drawings and engravings. Of the value of these, as giving clear, definite, and trustworthy representation of the objects, few can have any conception without actually comparing them, alongside the actual sculpture, with even the best engravings of the same object. For close upon half-a-century have the Trustees of the British Museum been publishing descriptions of the Museum marbles, and the work is yet far from completed. But, being fully illustrated, and on a large scale, the parts have necessarily been costly, and consequently the circulation has been limited; while the plates have given but a very inadequate notion of the sculpture represented, failing often in the most essential points. Perhaps it is in a measure owing to the feeling that the result was not altogether satisfactory, as well as to the time required in the preparation, that the progress of the work, for a long period painfully slow, has for some years been altogether suspended. If so—or, however it be—we trust that it will now be resumed, and photographs being substituted for line engravings, that it will be issued at a moderate price: or, better still, that the text will be issued (the former parts being reprinted) as a separate work, in a convenient size, leaving the reader to purchase as few or many of the photographs as he may please, or as may suit his convenience.

There is yet another collection of reproductions in this Reproduction Room, which claims a word of notice. In the Royal Collection at Windsor is a series of drawings by Holbein, consisting of portraits of members of the Court of Henry VIII. Famous as much on account of their historical as their artistic interest, they have been engraved in various ways, and the whole series in fac-simile; but almost inevitably something of their sturdy fidelity is lost in the perverse, though not unnatural, desire of the engravers to substitute a little grace for the original hardness. Now, however, the whole sixty-four heads have been photographed, and the prints, with every touch of Holbein's faithfully reproduced, may be had for an average price of a shilling each; or, what most historical students at any rate will prefer, you may have what may be termed the actual portrait for which Anna Boleyn sat for 10d.; Sir Thomas More, for 1s. 6d., or, again as Lord Chancellor, for 2s.; Dean Colet, for 10d.; Philip Melancthon, for 1s.; and the poetical Earl of Surrey, for 5d.

Besides these, there is what perhaps might be called a companion series of photographs from the life-size portraits of the Tudor family, executed for the Prince's chamber of the New Palace at Westminster, by the head master of the Central Training School; but as the portraits themselves, however excellent, were only made at second-hand, it will be enough to mention them. We must also pass over with only a bare reference to the extensive series of photographs (above 140 in number) of the more remarkable examples of Limoges enamels, ivory carvings, crystal cups, vases, &c., and miscellaneous objects of ornamental art in the Museum of the Louvre; the equally interesting—and to designers in ornamental art, no less instructive—series of similar objects selected from the collections in the Kensington Museum, or lent by private persons for the

purpose: and all of which we need hardly repeat, may be purchased at the same low tariff.

Perhaps the reader may be inclined to think we have dwelt overmuch on this lowness of price. We can only say that we have dwelt on it designedly, in order to call attention strongly to this phase of the procedure. The present is, as we believe, the greatest step yet made towards bringing home Art of the highest kind to the cottage as well as to the mansion; and if art be the powerful means of refinement it has been thought to be, this cannot but be a step to be heartily welcomed. Moreover, the largeness and the freeness of the boon deserve ample recognition. Not only are the photographs of a singularly comprehensive range, and as photographs of the very highest order of excellence, but the fullest liberty of choice is allowed; the purchaser of one at the lowest price, obtaining that one at as low a rate as the purchaser of whole collections.

We have confined our attention to the photographs, but we must not neglect to mention that there are also in the room reproductions, made for the Council, in metals, fictile ivory, &c., of a very large number of objects of ornamental art in the Royal Collection, the Museum of the Louvre, and the South Kensington Museum. Possibly we may find another opportunity to notice them.

The *Times*' Correspondent at Florence has just imparted this curious yet very characteristic scrap of Italian art news:—"The Tuscan government, thinking it their duty to labour at the promotion of letters and arts in this gifted country, which was their cradle, have issued several decrees, which I think will not be devoid of interest for English readers. They have ordered complete editions of the works of Machiavelli to be edited at the public expense, by Canettrina and Polidori, two distinguished scholars, under the direction of the Home Minister. They have decreed that six statues shall be cast in bronze; two for Florence, to be erected in the Piazza Barbano, *alias* Piazza Maria Antonia, *alias* Piazza del Indipendenza, in honour of Napoleon III. and Victor-Emmanuel II.; two for Leghorn, one to Charles Albert, the other to Victor-Emmanuel of Sardinia; one for Lucca, of Francesco Barlamacchi, a Lucchese patriot, 'first martyr of the cause of Italian Independence'; one for Siena, in honour of Salustio Bandini, 'the founder of the theories on economical freedom'; finally, one for Pisa, of Leonardo Fibonacci, 'the restorer of algebraic studies in Europe'; the statues of the Emperor and of the King in Florence, to be ornamented by bas-reliefs, illustrating the events of the late Lombard war. Besides these sculptured works four historical pictures are to be painted, the subjects of which are to be supplied by great events in ancient and modern Italian history. The modern subjects are the voting of the *dichéance* of the Austro-Lorraine dynasty by the Tuscan National Assembly, and the reception by Victor-Emmanuel II. of the deputies of the said Assembly, bearers of the vote for the annexation of Tuscany to the great and strong north Italian kingdom. Besides these, four battle-pieces, celebrating the encounters of Curtatone in 1848, Palestro, Magenta, and San Martino; and four more, *quadri di costume*, characteristic pieces representing different episodes of the late war, and six portraits of illustrious Italians, deceased within the last ten years, and well deserving of the country as promoting by their writings the triumph of the national cause. These are Vincenzo Gioberti, Cesare Balbo, Carlo Troya, Giovanni Berchet, Silvio Pellico, and Giuseppe Giusti. The engravers will have to execute portraits of Victor-Emmanuel and of the poet Gio-Battista Niccolini. These two works are severally allotted to Professors Gustavo Bonanini and Filippo Levi. The engraving of all the statues and pictures above-mentioned, as well as the works themselves, will be assigned by free competition to such artists as may apply for them." As "our Correspondent" very truly remarks, it would be far better if the Tuscan Government were to make arrangements just now for casting cannon rather than statues, and obtaining muskets in the place of pictures. When

freedom is secured there will be time enough to celebrate it with bronze and canvas. And in the present state of Italian art it would be perhaps the best practice for the painters and sculptors themselves to lay aside for awhile the pencil and the chisel, and, instead, to handle in right good earnest the sword and the rifle; it might then come to pass that when they returned to the use of their legitimate tools they would be able to use them to a little better purpose, having, by engaging for a time in the serious business of life, cast off some of that miserable enervation which now clings with fatal tenacity to every species of Italian art.

The Montferrand Collection of Majolica ware, of which we gave an account some weeks back (*LITERARY GAZETTE*, July 23), when it was being exhibited in Brook Street, is announced for sale, by Christie & Manson, on the 14th of November next and two following days. It is, perhaps, the most extensive and complete collection yet submitted to public auction in this country, comprising no fewer than 600 specimens, many of them remarkable for their size or rarity.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MUSIC IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS at this season of the year is as dull as London. All the families of distinction escape to their country seats, whilst the *bourgeoisie* follow their example by flitting to the seaside, or to other country localities, for the double purpose of obtaining health and recreation. Nevertheless, Paris is still gay—always gay!—being full of strangers from all parts of the world, for whom, if not for the *habitués*, the Grand Opera, the Opéra Comique, the Lyrique, and other places where music is given, continue open. During this slack season most of the leading singers, both male and female, accept their *congé*, and go to the ends of the earth—as far as steamboats and railways can carry them—in search of health and—*Targent*; for, without that inestimable quality, how could they live for the remainder of the year upon their salaries in Paris, now the most extravagant capital of Europe, where all, from the Emperor down to the lowest official, are living beyond their means, and striving to keep up appearances by reckless speculation on the Bourse? Whilst, then, "the stars" are flitting about in all sorts of eccentric orbits, those who desire to shine in the same firmament, from time to time appear, at this dull season, either at once to hide their diminished fires, or to blaze out with a lustre which will fix them hereafter of the first magnitude. During the last fortnight two such coruscations have burst forth upon the Parisian public, each of which is likely to shine for some time to come, and to sustain the reputation of the theatres in which their services have been respectively engaged—Mlle. Monrose at the Opéra Comique, and Mlle. Vestvali at the Grand Opera. Having witnessed the *début* of each of these candidates for popular fame, I shall speak candidly of their respective merits. Mlle. Monrose appears before the public with many accessories for success besides her own natural talents. She comes of a musical family, being the grandchild of the elder Monrose, and niece of the second celebrity of the same name, each of whom had considerable success in their day, though this, the youngest member of their gifted race, is likely to shed greater lustre upon the name than it has attained for the last two years. Mlle. Monrose has been the pupil of M. Duprez, who has directed all the rehearsals of the opera in which she appeared—*Le Songe d'une Nuit d'été*, by M. Thomas, of which we shall have by-and-bye to say a word or two. Indeed, so great was M. Duprez' anxiety for his pupil's success, that on the night of the *début* he took up a position in the theatre, from which he could command a perfect view of the proceedings of the stage, and so encourage the fair *débütante* by signs of approbation, as she proceeded in her arduous task of satisfying what

few members of the Parisian public were gathered together to decide her fate. In personal appearance Mdlle. Monrose is tall and elegantly formed, with an expressive countenance, and very bright black eyes. On her entrance upon the scene, in which, with her companion Mdlle. Béla, she is masked, she was evidently almost overpowered with emotion, and the more so perhaps, because she strove to conceal her fears. Her voice at first faltered for a few bars, but its *timbre* speedily attained its powers, even before she had completely gained her self-possession. Like most French female vocalists the quality of Mdlle. Monrose's organ is thin and piercing, without that roundness of tone which both the Italians and the English possess. Nevertheless it is not exaggerated in these particulars, and is heightened in estimation by the brilliancy of her execution, in which, in point and flexibility, she already approaches very closely Mdlle. Mliouan Carvalho, of whose *début* in the *Dinorah* at Covent Garden the LITERARY GAZETTE lately gave an elaborate criticism. As the opera proceeded the good opinion of the audience, which rose above the exertions of the *claque*, was unquestionable. Mdlle. Monrose, from such encouragement, soon recovered herself entirely, and in the second act assumed a position from which she is not likely soon to be removed.

From such a *début* it is probable that she shall hear much more of Mdlle. Monrose, as she proceeds in the fulfilment of the duties of her profession. The occasion of her *début* was made the opportunity for the *réunion* of M. Montaubry, a tenor of considerable pretensions, who played up to the *débütante* with great animation. As to the quality of the opera itself, very little can be said. It is prettily constructed, but is a mere combination of mediocre passages strung together at haphazard, the life of which cannot possibly be long preserved. The plot is one of the most extraordinary specimens of wilful absurdity which could by any possibility have been concocted, and indicates how totally ignorant our French neighbours are of the mere outlines of English history. It will scarcely be believed that Shakspeare is made the lover of Queen Elizabeth, and that *Sir John Falstaff* is introduced as his friend and boon companion! Because the Queen does not unmask in his presence, he drinks to excess to provoke her into a confession of her name and position, which he does not suspect, and in the second act, which is *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, he plays all sorts of ridiculous pranks, which, including the murder of his friend *Latimer* (M. Warot), he believes to have been really perpetrated, when in the third act he makes his peace with the Queen, and proceeds to devote his talents, at her instigation, to a better purpose than that of drinking, after the English fashion, to excess! This opera, strange to say, has had a run; but it is already withdrawn, in spite of Mdlle. Monrose's success, for *La Pagode*, a new specimen in two acts by M. Fauconnier, the scene of which is laid in India, whilst all sorts of absurdities are attributed to the hero, an Englishman named *Williams*, as being a true representative of the manners and habits of our countrymen!

If the success of Mdlle. Monrose at the Opéra Comique was unequivocal, that of Mdlle. Vestrali at the Grand Opéra has been no less a success. The opera selected by this *débütante* was Bellini's excessively stupid and meagre *Romeo et Juliette*, in which scarcely an idea of Shakspeare's immortal play has been retained. The *role* of *Romeo* is, however, peculiarly fitted to Mdlle. Vestrali's peculiar walk. In figure and deportment she very much resembles Alboni, when that exquisite contralto first appeared at Covent Garden. Her voice, without being so rich and luscious, is also very like that of her great predecessor in that line of character, from which of late years she has seceded. It is extensive in compass, rich in tone, and trained up to considerable flexibility. As an actress, Mdlle. Vestrali indicates a far better appreciation of stage business than Alboni has ever done. She throws herself entirely into her *role*, and exhibits passion and emotion both with taste and tact. In the last scene of the opera, in the tomb with *Juliette*, her start on seeing the

supposed corpse standing on its feet, was a most clever specimen of histrionic intelligence. With study and perseverance, Mdlle. Vestrali will become a great acquisition in her peculiar department. She was supported by Mdlle. Gueymard-Lauters, who would sing well did she not scream so loudly, and by M. Gueymard, who has entirely gone by, and ceased to possess any of those qualities which once bid fair to make him a legitimate successor of M. Duprez and Roger, as first tenor of the Paris Great Opéra.

The Italiens opened on the 1st with the eternal *Traviata*, Mdlle. Penco filling the *role* of *Violetta*, and Gardoni and Graziani those of *Alfredo* and the heavy father. The *habitués* of Covent Garden will doubtless be amused to learn that the sonorous Soldi, and the anything but tuneless Luigi Mei, are members of the "Italiens" opera corps. The season has not begun very prosperously; but the time is much too early as yet to prognosticate anything as to its ultimate success or failure. C.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Covent Garden opened on Monday night with an English version of Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, by Mr. H. Chorley, Miss Louisa Pyne playing the part of the heroine, Mr. Harrison that of *Corentin*, and Mr. Santley that of *Hoc*; whilst the minor parts of the two goat-herds were filled by Miss Pilling, a pupil of Mrs. Wood, Miss Thirlwall, Mr. Corri, and Mr. St. Albyn. The *role* of *Dinorah* is not entirely suited to Miss L. Pyne; yet she sings the music charmingly, and enters imitatively into the spirit of the *pas d'ombre*. Mr. Harrison is much too heavy for *Corentin*, and Mr. Santley knows nothing at all of stage business at present, though his singing is even better than that of Graziani in the same *role*. Miss Pilling bids fair to become a useful contralto, but she must be warned against being spoiled by too much applause. She has yet much to learn, in order to become a proficient, and will do well to devote all the time that she can spare to study. Miss Thirlwall has reached her mark, and it is not a high one: still she is a useful addition to this theatre. The dialogue of *Dinorah*, as at the Opéra Comique at Paris, is in this instance spoken, which detracts from the effects which Meyerbeer's charming recitatives produced at the Royal Italian Opéra. The orchestra is of the same quality as that of last year, and is ably directed by Mr. Alfred Mellon. The chorus is composed chiefly of the members of the Covent Garden Choir, under the guidance of Mr. Smythson, and having, with the orchestra, had the advantage of Mr. Costa's training, performs its work *à merveille*. The house has been crowded during the week, and prosperous prospects seem to be before Miss L. Pyne and Mr. Harrison from their second bold and adventurous opening of Covent Garden for English opera. We earnestly hope, however, that some specimens of really English construction may be this year given, and that this season may not be confined, as the last was, to the performance of only two operas, one of which alone, the *Satanella* of Mr. Balfe, could be said to be of home production.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—A cheap theatre in the club locality is a great venture, and one which Mr. F. B. Chatterton has now made. The St. James's was opened, as promised, on Saturday, and presented as cheerful an interior as any to be seen in London. The company brought together includes acknowledged talent, and several unknown and really valuable acquisitions to the stage; and had the theatre and the company been perfected by the production of respectable pieces, we should have had to congratulate Mr. Chatterton on his speculation. But a first night gives a general tone to public feeling, and in spite of the applause bestowed by a very full house on Saturday night, we are perfectly sure that considerable injury has been done to the chances of success by the production of a drama by Mr. Edward Fitzball and a burlesque by Mr. Leicester Buckingham. Even writers for the stage wear out, and the day of Mr. Fitzball's triumphs passed into night in the early ages of this century. As for Mr. Buckingham, he reflects honour on himself whenever he writes for the stage, for each production

through its extreme badness tends by contrast to enhance Mr. Buckingham's value as a lecturer. Strange it is that this gentleman when he lectures is so gentlemanly, and that when he writes, so vulgar. Such penmanship is but a poor compliment to the theatrical public. Mr. Fitzball's vagary, the *Widow's Wedding*, tells of a rich young widow who falls in love with a poor gipsy, who, in the real old Fitzballian fashion, is no gipsy, and turns up as a poor gentleman, and in this mean state courts the widow under a crowd of suitors. Suddenly, the widow is made poor in some dramatic manner, and the crowd disperses, and only the gentleman gipsy remains. The widow then wedds the gipsy, who of course exhibits himself the possessor of all the late widow's recent property, and all the gipsies roar victoriously, and down comes the curtain. It was pitiable to see good actors and actresses thus stupefied with such a dramatic work. Miss Catherine Hickson played the widow. She is an intelligent, gentle actress, but she had no opportunity of exhibiting her powers. Handsome Miss Murray also performed a small character in the piece; and Miss Arden also contributed to give some life to it—but the attempt was hopeless. Mr. S. Emery played the gentleman gipsy, and Mr. C. Young, a most painstaking and energetic actor, performed a Yorkshireman. The burlesque was a parody upon *Virginia*, and would have been admirable, did length constitute success. Mr. C. Young played the "fond papa," and exhibited some of his wonderful dancing. Mrs. F. Matthews played *Virginia* as capably as it was possible; while *Jellius* was honoured by being represented by a Miss St. Casse, a very young lady with a charmingly fresh and natural voice. She comes from the Britannia—a theatre somewhere in the east of London—and this lady, who is very young, made the one success of the evening. Her only fault is a desire to force a sweet natural voice into a loud dramatic one. Mr. Barrett performed *Appius Claudius*, and roared, as the Lord Mayor of Rome, in the most satisfactory way. Miss Lydia Thompson made her appearance, and danced a *pas*. She certainly did not create the anticipated sensation; but probably this was not so much to be attributed to the dancing as to a quiescent astonishment produced by seeing the *dansette* trip in amongst the Roman youths, (exhibiting the evolutions of a Pyrrhic dance,) attired in a blue satin Polish costume, which, pretty in itself, did seem out of character. The performances concluded with *The Dead Shot*, in which Miss Arden played the principal part, and very spiritedly. This lady is a very valuable addition to any company. She played in the three pieces on Saturday night, and was equally capital in all. In conclusion, the new lessee has every requisite but literature and locality to make his venture a golden one. The members of the company are good and will work well together. The ballet is respectable, and contains some very pretty girls. The house is most commodious. Of the two objections we have taken, the second is irremediable; the first most easily obviated, for there are plenty of good dramatic writers who will eagerly work for Mr. Chatterton, and not exhaust the treasury as a consequence.

STRAND THEATRE.—A slight one-act piece, entitled *The Great Russian Bear; or, Another Retrospect from Moscow*, produced here on Monday night, might have been a charming affair, but, under Mr. Thomas Morton's superintendence, it is very far from even respectable. The *Princess Christine* (Miss M. Simpson), of the House of Brunswick, having been taken to Moscow as the intended wife of the Grand Duke Alexis, is so terrified by the ill-usage she immediately has to endure, that she simulates death, and ultimately endeavours, under the garb of a broom-girl, to escape from Russia. She reaches Brakebrickorod, on the confines of Poland, when news arrives that the princess is alive and still within the Russian boundaries. Now a certain *Minka* (Miss Marie Wilton), has procured for a serf, one *Peterakia* (Mr. J. Clarke), who has been a gardener in the royal grounds at Moscow, not only his liberty,

but an Inn "The Great Russian Bear," in Brakebrickorod, and a promise of her own hand as a climax. *Minka* is on the frontiers to aid the escape of *Christine*, and is of course waiting for her arrival at the inn. The princess soon makes her appearance, but she has been preceded by *George Trevillian*, an English gentleman, who has taken service under the czar, has fallen desperately in love with *Christine*, and who has received an order from the princess herself, under the grand duke's orders, at once to quit Russia. Hence, when *Trevillian* hears of the escape of the princess, and that she may possibly arrive at Brakebrickorod, he promises himself to denounce her, and he would do so, but that *Minka* declares herself to be the princess. At length by her means *Christine* and *Trevillian*, who become reconciled, make their escape into Poland. The elements of a very charming comedy, French in tone, are certainly present in *The Great Russian Bear*, but Mr. Morton has terribly misused them. A Cossack, who is introduced, behaves as even a Cossack never behaved, and the police officers kick the Russian populace about from one end of the piece to the other, and are painted in the darkest colours. As for the dialogue, it is simply detestable. Here is a specimen, "The Princess Christine alive? why she was dead ten days ago!" "Yes, but that is nothing to do with to-day." "Oh, certainly; she may be all alive now." And so on. The verisimilitude of the piece is totally destroyed; Russian names are never used; and that member of the police who endeavours to arrest *Christine*, is called *Pop-en-all-off*. But the grossest violation of all reality is introduced at the conclusion. Inasmuch as *Christine* and *Trevillian* reach the Polish shore, this fact must be made apparent to the audience, and it is done by means of a rocket, which not at all alarms the imperial guards, although it passes within a few inches of their backs, and of which it is declared that "tis Heaven's own signal." Mr. Morton had better keep to farces. The piece, however, is charmingly put on the stage. The dresses, especially those of the ladies, might have been selected from the costumes used at the Opéra Comique in *L'Étoile du Nord*, so admirable are they in taste and colour. Some marks of disapprobation were bestowed upon this production, rather curiously entitled "a comic drama."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Miss Sedgwick has been playing in the *Love Chase*. This lady's dash and brilliancy are well fitted to the character of *Camden*.

SURREY THEATRE.—This house has opened with an adaptation of Lessing's *Emilia Galotti*, entitled *The Bridal of Beatrice*. The piece had no genuine success. Mr. Creswick played the hero, and Miss Heraud the heroine.

Mr. and Mrs. Kean are at Exeter, where they commenced playing on Monday night. From Exeter they go to Plymouth. Miss Booth, late of the Haymarket, appears nightly with Mr. and Mrs. Kean, and has gained considerable applause.

A new farce has been produced at a Manchester Theatre, of which a local critic says, "if farces were instituted for the purposes of boring society, *The Widow's Victim* may be considered to have fulfilled its mission."

Dejazet, the undying *soubrette*, has taken the charming little theatre known as the Folies Nouvelles, rebaptized the house Theatre Dejazet, and opened it with immense success—even Jules Janin applauds. It was impossible to say what Dejazet's age is; but, in spite of all her efforts, her extreme feebleness becomes apparent to a watchful observer. She will die on the stage, and the cares of directorship at her years will not tend to prolong her career. Doubtless she will reproduce each of her "successes" throughout her career for a few nights. The theatre is besieged. Dejazet never acted more wisely than when she deserted the Boulevard des Italiens for the Boulevard du Temple.

ACTORS OFF THE STAGE.—Under this head the *Constitutional Press* has a very lively article this month, and we must borrow somewhat from it. Of Madame Vestris the writer says:

"Her judgment and taste were carried into every department. She had not the wit or literary judgment of her husband; indeed I think she was incapable of forming a correct judgment on a play she had not seen acted; but her administrative powers were remarkable. Moreover, as I said, everybody liked her. There was a charm about her which was quite indefinable, but quite irresistible. She was not lively, she was not coquettish, but she was perfectly agreeable. Her vehement nature would often give character to some speech or retort; but she was seldom witty; the only *bon mot* of hers I can recall at this moment received half its force from her manner. We were laughing at the ludicrous mistakes committed by a translator of French pieces, and I cited a specimen I had heard a night or two before, when *les trois rois de la Nature* was translated 'the three reigns of Nature.' 'Ah!' said Vestris, 'I suppose by the three reigns of Nature, he means drizzle, sleet, and shower.'"

Here is a good anecdote of Mathews:

"Mathews, I have already said, is the same off the stage as on. The following snatch of a dialogue he held with a friend, the day after having been summoned at the County Court, will paint the man.

"C. J. M. Did you see that in the papers this morning about me in the County Court?"

"Friend. Yes; the fellow lost, I see."

"C. J. M. Lost! I should think so. He hadn't a leg to stand on; the most absurd story! He said I went into his shop, and bought three dozen pair of gloves, for which I didn't pay. Can anything be more absurd?"

"Friend (with dubitative smile). H'm!"

"C. J. M. Look here: he says he didn't know me. Now I ask, is it likely that if he hadn't known me he would let me walk off with three dozen pair of gloves?"

"Friend. Not very."

"C. J. M. And is it likely he would, if he had known me?"

The following etching of Rachel is new:

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